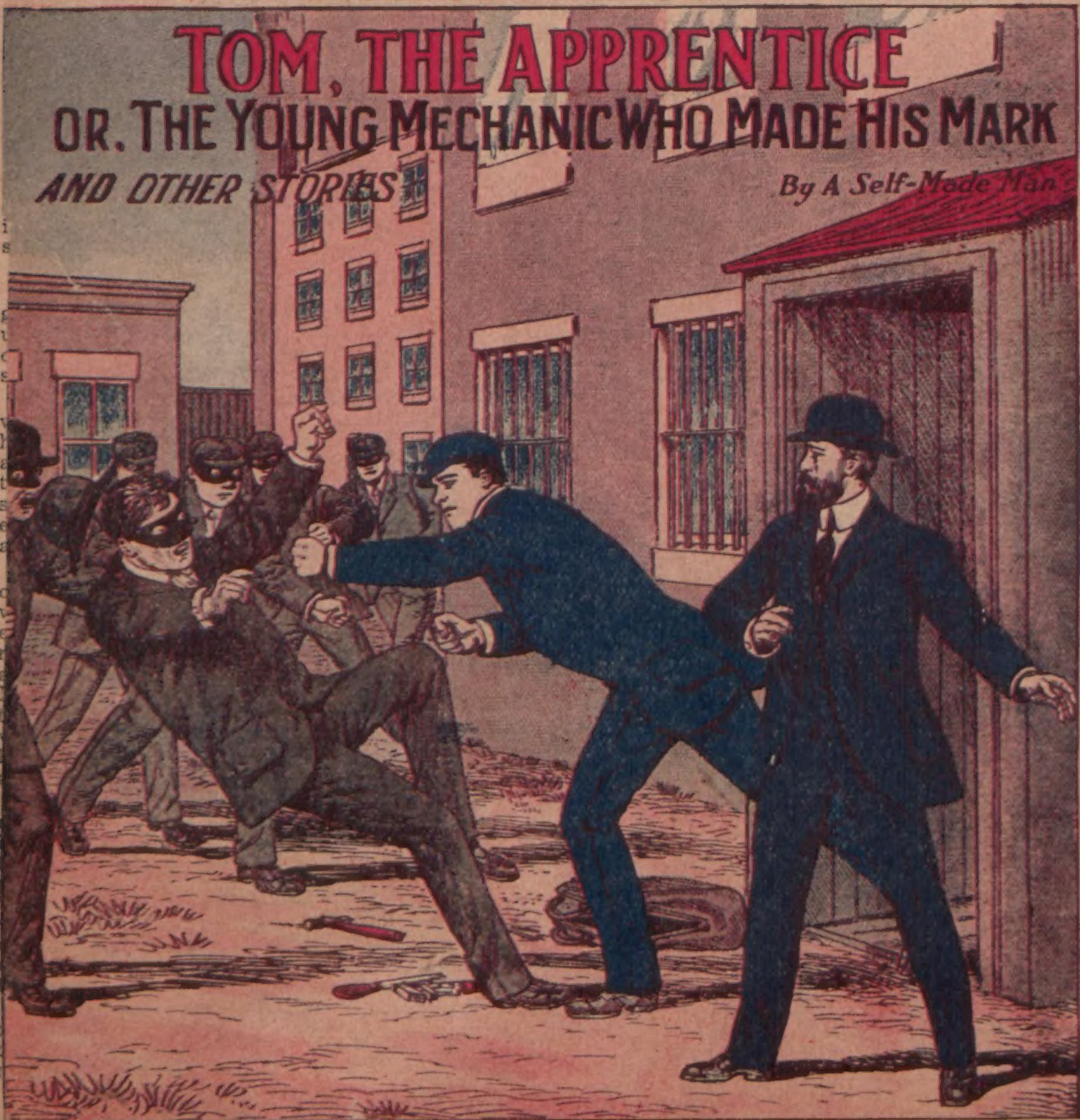


FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

TOM, THE APPRENTICE
OR, THE YOUNG MECHANIC WHO MADE HIS MARK
AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



The masked men were on the point of attacking Gregson when Tom suddenly appeared on the scene. Taking in the situation at a glance, the boy dropped his tools and struck out at the leader, felling him to the ground.

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Tom, the Apprentice

OR, THE YOUNG MECHANIC WHO MADE HIS MARK

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I—The Wage Cut.

"Tom, if I tell you something will you keep it quiet?" asked Joe Clark, junior bookkeeper in the office of the Gregson factory, at Silverton, to Tom Bachelor, a young mechanic, also employed in the establishment.

"Sure I will," said Tom. "What is it?"

"Owing to a slackening up of business, due to an overstocked market and other causes, Mr. Gregson is going to cut the wages of all hands, from the superintendent down, ten per cent."

"Is that so?" said Tom.

"Yes. He expects a kick on the part of the general workmen and is going to put it squarely up to the men—they must either stand the cut or the factory will be run on half time; perhaps shut down altogether for a spell."

"I guess the men would rather take the cut than work half time, for that would deprive them of half their wages, and they couldn't very well afford that, for the cost of living is going up all the time, and most of the men have families to support. If the factory was shut down altogether, even for only a month, it would surely bring about a good deal of suffering."

The boys were on their way home from work, one June afternoon, after five o'clock. They were warm friends, and spent much of their time in each other's company. Joe's circumstances were much better than Tom's, as his father was living, and held the position of cashier at the factory. Mrs. Clark did not particularly need the money that Joe turned in to her every Saturday since he was taken into the factory office, and she handed him back part of it, which gave the boy a liberal amount of spending money.

Tom, on the contrary, never had much spending money, except when he did an odd job of an evening for somebody. He had the faculty of making friends and keeping them, and was, therefore, very popular with those who knew him. He looked bright and smart, and whatever he did kept pace with his looks. Mr. Gregson considered him his most promising apprentice, and the foreman of the room where Tom worked never had any fault to find with him.

"Good-night, Tom!" said Joe, when they reached the gate that opened on the little front garden of the Bachelor cottage. "Are you coming to the meeting of the club to-night?"

"I'll be there if nothing prevents," replied Tom,

opening the gate and nodding good-by to his friend.

Tom walked around the back way and entered the house by the kitchen door, followed by his dog Nap, which was short for Napoleon.

"Here I am, mother. Is supper nearly ready?" he said.

"It will be ready in a few minutes," she replied.

"Glad to hear it. Somehow or another I'm extra hungry to-night."

He passed into the living-room, where he found his invalid sister, Jessie, busy at her work, and his cousin Lucy, who lived with them, for she was an orphan, setting the table. He greeted them in his customary cheerful way, and then went to his room to fix himself up a bit. The dog followed close at his heels, and lay down just inside the door. Tom spoke to him occasionally, at which he would wag his tail. The boy believed the animal really understood him. The following day was Saturday and the factory closed down at four o'clock on that day. Fifteen minutes before the whistle blew Joe Clark tacked up a large, printed card on the wall of the office, outside of the railing. Then he went through the building, tacking up similar cards in the most conspicuous places.

These cards were headed with the word "Notice" and stated that for the reasons given underneath the wages of all the employees of the factory, without exception, would be cut ten per cent., the reduction to go into effect on Monday morning. The cards were signed by Samuel Grigson, the proprietor. Joe hardly had a card up before several of the workmen came up and began reading it. By the time the whistle blew every employee of the factory had read or heard the news of the reduction in wages. Some of the men swore, with flushed and angry faces, some muttered savagely their dissatisfaction, with sullen looks; others took the matter more mildly, but with serious looks, while another portion shrugged their shoulders, as much as to say that kicking would do little good.

"Are we going to stand for this cut?" roared Jim Cable, a clever worker at his trade, but a man noted for his violent passions, particularly when under the influence of liquor, of which he unfortunately was fond. "Are we going to stand for it, I say?" he repeated, looking around on his companions, in the room where he was employed.

"No, we're not," answered a crony of his named Jack Tulley.

"That's the way to talk. Before I work for a cent less than what I'm getting I'll quit," said Cable.

"So will I!" shouted Tulley.

Most of the workmen left the room in a solemn way, proceeding to the counting-room on the ground floor, received their pay envelopes and left, without a word, to go home and communicate the bad news.

CHAPTER II.—Tom Demonstrates What He Can Do.

Tom read the notice in his room, but having been informed about it the afternoon before by Joe, he was not taken by surprise as the other workmen were. It was an unpleasant surprise for all hands, and what the men, as a body, intended to do about it, no one could say. The two boys went home together, talking about the way the men took the notice.

"Cable was fighting mad," said Joe.

"You might expect that. He is always looking for something to scrap over," replied Tom.

"Tulley is nearly as bad. He's more sneaky, though. He's always primed for mischief. He likes to egg others on and stand in the background himself. If he can do it he will encourage Cable to do something reckless, and if Cable gets into trouble in consequence, Tulley will hug himself with satisfaction. On the whole, I consider him more dangerous than Cable. It is easy to keep a line on that man because he blows off his feelings, and doesn't care who hears him, but Tulley is deep and tricky. Whatever he does is executed in the dark."

Tom told his mother after supper about the cut in the wage scale.

"That means, mother, that my pay envelope will contain only \$9 next Saturday," he said.

"I suppose it can't be helped, Tom," she answered. "I was hoping that you would be raised, not reduced."

The young mechanic explained the causes that Mr. Grigson assigned for the necessity of the cut. He also told her how Cable, Tulley and several others took it. Monday morning came around and the factory gate was opened at half-past seven by the timekeeper, as usual. The workmen began coming, with their dinner-pails, and they passed inside and went to the different department rooms, where they hung up their hats and jackets, rolled up their sleeves and prepared to start in when the whistle blew at eight. It was the timekeeper's rule to close the gate one minute after the whistle blew. When that time arrived half a dozen names on the roll were still unchecked, showing that the men were behind their time. Two of these were Cable and Tulley, and the others were kindred spirits. The absence of Cable and Tulley was noted by the foreman of the room where they worked. He surmised that they were holding out against the cut in wages.

"Little good that will do them," he muttered, "but their absence puts me in a hole. The broken machinery on the top floor has got to be fixed right away, and I haven't anybody here capable of doing the work right."

At that moment his eyes fell on Tom, who was doing something at a lathe.

"That's a mighty clever boy, but he's only an apprentice. I couldn't expect he could do much with it. Still, he could help me, for I'll have to tackle the job myself."

He laid out some work for two ordinary mechanics, and then going to Cable's bench picked out certain tools. He called Tom over, told him to drop what he was on, pick up some of the tools he pointed to and follow him. Together they walked up to the top floor. It took some study and considerable skill to repair a piece of machinery, the product of which kept most of the force on the floor busy. If it wasn't started up before noon most of the men would become idle and the establishment would be put to a considerable loss.

"This is a rather ticklish job we've got to do, Tom, and in a hurry at that," said the foreman. "I set Cable and Tulley at it late Saturday afternoon, and they understand the machinery a good deal better than I do. They haven't turned up this morning. So you and I will have to do the best we can with it."

"I guess we can get around it," said Tom, confidently, looking at the break with a critical eye.

Tom at once pointed out how the work could be done in good shape in less than an hour. He had studied up the subject of breaks in machinery, which the foreman was unaware of, and had, moreover, seen exactly such a break described in a book on the machinist's trade. The way to repair it according to the best plan had also been carefully laid down and the most important part of it illustrated. Tom, therefore, had the theory down fine, and he believed he could follow it out in practice. The foreman was astonished at his knowledge of that particular case.

"Upon my word, young man, you certainly have thrown light on the subject. How in creation did you pick it up?"

"By reading and thinking. I am not satisfied with just what I am slowly learning in the shop downstairs. I am ambitious to acquire all the knowledge I can get hold of so that when I become a full-fledged workman I will be an A1 one. I believe that the way for a workman to succeed is to excel in his particular line. Where it is possible I think a man ought to be a specialist. In my opinion an expert is always sure of work at good wages," said Tom.

Tom started repairing the machine, and within three-quarters of an hour the machine was running again as good as ever.

CHAPTER III.—The Attack in the Yard.

The foreman was so pleased over Tom's proficiency that he considered it his duty to report the matter to the superintendent. He told that gentleman that the absence of Cable and Tulley would have greatly embarrassed him but for Tom's capability and ingenuity.

"He did the work as good, if not better, than Cable would have done it, sir, and I think he ought to receive all the encouragement we can give him in the shop."

"Certainly," said the superintendent.

The foreman then explained how Tom gave con-

siderable of his own time outside the shop to a theoretical study of his trade.

"He's a smart boy," said the superintendent. "He deserves every encouragement. I shall call Mr. Gregson's attention to the help he rendered you in your emergency and will recommend that his wages be raised a couple of dollars. You need not mention that to him. If the proprietor acts favorably upon my suggestion the pay cut will not hurt him materially. Instead of getting \$9 next Saturday he probably will receive \$10.80."

The defection of Cable and Tulley set the machine shop back in its work, but Tom got chances he never otherwise would have got, and he did uncommonly well. When the whistle blew at noon a part of the hands who lived close by went home to their dinners. When they came back, singly and in pairs, they found Cable, Tulley and their four friends outside the gate. Those individuals uncorked their eloquence in a strong effort to induce the men to stay out and cripple the factory. They succeeded in gaining only two recruits, and these they escorted to the saloon and treated liberally.

When the knock-off whistle blew, Cable, Tulley and their crowd were on hand to argue the matter again. They succeeded in persuading the workmen to hold a meeting that evening at a clubroom over a saloon to talk their grievance over. About half the workmen appeared at the hour set, and Tulley called the meeting to order. Cable started the ball rolling with a fiery speech, for by that time he was fairly well loaded with bug-juice. He denounced trusts and bosses in general as the cormorants who were feeding on the wage-earner at large. A great deal of breath was wasted at the meeting, which finally broke up after a strike had been voted down by a big majority.

Cable, Tulley and their bunch retired downstairs to the saloon in bad humor, and drank up all their money; then they went home, and Cable knocked his son down because he differed with an opinion which he expressed. So the week passed away and Saturday afternoon came around again. The hands were paid off according to the new rate, and nobody said a word, at least in the building. Tom's pay envelope bore the figures \$10.80 in one corner, and he noticed it with surprise. He tore the envelope open and found \$10.80 inside. He went to the cashier's window.

"You made a mistake in my envelope, Mr. Clark," he said.

"I think not, Tom. Wasn't the amount in it that the figures called for?" said the cashier.

"Yes, but the figures are wrong, sir."

"Let me see the envelope."

Tom handed it to him.

"That's all right," he said. "Your pay has been raised \$2."

"It has?" ejaculated Tom, much astonished. "That's a big surprise to me."

After all hands left the factory the watchman locked the gate and went over to the engine-room to talk to the engineer and fireman, who still had work on their hands. At that time Tom was working in the shop and Mr. Gregson was still at his desk in his private office. Fifteen minutes later six men clambered over the fence on to the roof of an outbuilding and dropped inside the

fence. They drew masks from their pockets and put them on. One of them went to a corner of the small building and watched the exit door of the factory. In five minutes Mr. Gregson came out and started for the gate, of which he had a private key. The bunch of intruders suddenly appeared from around the outhouse and cut him off.

"Who are you, and what brings you here?" demanded the factory owner.

"We're going to fix you, you old cormorant!" said the leader, in a disguised tone. "We're going to let you know that you can't sit on the necks of your working people. Such men as you ought to be put off the earth."

"You scoundrels! I'll have every one of you put in the calaboose!" cried the factory boss.

"You will, I don't think!" said the man, snapping his fingers derisively. "Grab him, boys!"

The masked men were on the point of attacking Gregson when Tom suddenly appeared on the scene. Taking in the situation at a glance, the boy dropped his tools and struck out at the leader, felling him to the ground. At that moment the watchman appeared at the door of the engine-room. The sight he looked on greatly surprised him. Calling to the engineer and fireman, the three rushed to the aid of Tom and Mr. Gregson, who were doing their best to keep the rascals at a distance. The boss was a fighter and gave two of them a terrible beating. When the reinforcements appeared the leader, who had recovered his feet during the scrimmage, cried out:

"The game is up, lads! Everyone for himself now!"

Tom partly intercepted the leader. The man struck out at him. As he did so his mask came partly off and the young mechanic recognized the face of Jim Cable.

CHAPTER IV.—The Can of Nitro-Glycerine.

Cable realized that Tom had recognized him and, with an imprecation, he ran after his companions and succeeded in escaping over the fence by way of the roof of the outhouse. The watchman unlocked the gate and the party hurried outside, but the men by that time were some distance down the street, which had few houses on it near the factory.

"They've got away, the rascals!" said Mr. Gregson. "I would give something to learn who they are."

"I can tell you the name of one of them—the man I knocked down—he is Jim Cable."

"Cable, eh? Are you sure?"

"I am. His mask came off and I saw his face."

"I'll have him arrested. I suppose the others are the workmen who remained away this week?"

"Very likely, sir, but it would be hard to prove it."

"I'm much obliged to you, Bachelor, for your timely aid."

"You're welcome, sir. And I'm much obliged to you for that raise in my wages."

"You deserve it. I always believe in doing the right thing by my employees when they deserve it."

Mr. Gregson wished him good-night and boarded a trolley car at the corner, while Tom walked

home to tell his mother that he had got a raise of two dollars in his wages, so that instead of turning in a dollar less that afternoon, as he had expected to do, he was in the position to turn over eighty cents more than his previous full pay. Mr. Gregson swore out a warrant against Jim Cable and it was put in the hands of an officer to execute. Cable, expecting something like that would happen, didn't go home, and as his companions were fearful that they, too, would be arrested, the whole bunch got out of Silverton right away, but they did not go far.

On Sunday afternoon Tom and Joe went out on the lake for a sail. A thunderstorm coming up, they made a bee-line back for the shore. The heavy wind caught them still some ways out, so they steered for a small island close by and ran the boat into a cove. As it was an open boat, with a small mast well forward, it offered no shelter from the rain that was beginning to fall.

"We'll get a terrible soaking," said Tom.

"No, we won't," said Joe. "I know there's an abandoned house on this island. We'll go there as soon as we've made the boat secure."

They reached the house in time to avoid a wetting and were congratulating themselves over that fact when they heard the voices of men outside. The sky had grown very dark and threatening, though it was still early in the afternoon. The darkness was frequently lighted up with flashes of lightning, followed by crashes of thunder, and when Tom looked from the door one of the flashes showed two men, whom he recognized as Cable and Tulley, coming toward the shanty. Cable was carrying something, that appeared to be heavy, in his hands. There was a ladder at the back of the single room on the ground floor which communicated with a loft above.

"We must get out of this," said Tom.

"Why?" asked Joe, in surprise.

"Because the chaps who are coming here are Cable and Tulley, and if they find me here they are likely to do things I wouldn't like. Let's retreat up those steps and keep quiet above."

They had hardly done so before the men entered the shanty, dripping wet.

"Put that can carefully down in the corner," said Tulley. "I don't want to go to smash in a hurry."

Cable put it down as though it were made of something as breakable as an eggshell.

"If this building should be hit by lightning it will be all up with us," he said. "How confoundedly unfortunate that this storm should come on at this time."

"Well, we can't help it," growled Cable.

"I'm wet to the skin," said Tulley, with an imprecation.

"So am I," said Cable.

The storm was now directly overhead, and the crashes of thunder were so frequent that the men did but little talking. The building seemed to shake with each reverberation. If the boys had known that the can Cable had brought into the shanty was full of nitro-glycerine, it is more than probable they would have scrambled out of the window that was in the loft and got as far away from the building as the island would have permitted. As the storm passed away the men resumed their talk. The boys then learned that Cable and Tulley intended to threaten to destroy

the factory unless their wages were raised. Then it was that the boys learned that the can in the corner contained an explosive.

"Great Scott!" whispered Joe. "Suppose it exploded accidentally now, where would we all land?"

They learned that the rascals intended leaving the can there and returning to the shore, and would come back for it around midnight. As soon as the rain stopped and the sky cleared, Cable and Tulley left, returned to the rowboat they had come over in and rowed back in it. The boys watched them depart, from the window. Then they went downstairs and looked at the can of explosive which the chaps had stolen from the granite quarry.

"Let's get away from here," said Joe, edging toward the door.

"Hold on. We've got to remove that stuff and drop it into the lake," said Tom.

"Oh, I say, you aren't going to monkey with that stuff!" protested Joe.

Joe wouldn't have it, though, and finally Tom decided to remove it to some place on the island. They looked around for a hiding-place for it and found a hole half full of water. Thither Tom carried it himself while Joe watched him in a flutter of apprehension, which was not allayed until Tom came back and announced that it was safely hidden.

"That robs those scoundrels of their sting," said Tom. "Their project to blow up the factory in case they really should attempt it will not materialize, and I hope to land them both in jail."

"You will tell the police and get them to come over here and catch them when they come back after the explosive?"

"Sure," said Tom. "Come, we will go on to the shore now, and then we'll call at Mr. Gregson's house and let him know what we discovered, then we'll go on to the station-house, or we can go to the police first."

The boys went over to their sailboat, embarked and made for the shore. They landed at the small wharf where they had hired the boat. Tom decided that it would be best to call on the factory-owner first. Mr. Gregson was seated on his porch reading a current magazine when the boys made their appearance. He was somewhat surprised to see them, but gave them a cordial welcome. Tom told him about the conversation they had overheard between Tulley and Cable, and that he had taken the precaution to remove the can of nitro-glycerine from the shanty to a hole partly full of water, where he judged it was safe for the present.

"The police ought to be able to catch the men easily on the island if they go over in time and lie in wait for them," said the young mechanic.

"I'll see that they do."

"Perhaps you could convict them better if they were to be allowed to follow out their design to send you a threat and capture them in the act," said Tom.

"That would be too risky for me. Besides, you said you removed the nitro-glycerine from the shanty."

"So I did. My idea is that an empty nitro-glycerine can can be got from the quarry, filled with water from the lake and placed where they left the other can. Water being harmless, they

could be permitted to bring the new can over and plant it at the factory under the shadowing eyes of the police. While they were making their preparations they could be arrested, and then you'd have all the evidence against them you wanted."

"Your suggestion is not bad, Bachelor. We will go over to the station-house and hold a consultation with the head of the police," said Mr. Gregson.

He got his hat. Then it occurred to him that the chief of police would more likely be home at that time. To make sure, he telephoned that officer's house and found he was there. He told him that he was coming over to see him on an important errand. So instead of going to the station-house, Mr. Gregson and the two boys called at the chief's home. The case was laid before him, with Tom's suggestion. After due consideration the officer decided to adopt the boy's plan.

Provided with a note, Tom and Joe went out to the quarry in a buggy, hired for them, and got an empty nitro-glycerine can. After returning the rig to the stable they went to the wharf and hired the sailboat again. They made their way to the island, filled the can with water and placed it in the shanty. Then they returned and went to their homes for their tea.

CHAPTER V.—The Hold-Up in the Road.

The police chief set his trap to catch the two men, and half a dozen officers were concealed at different spots in the factory yard about midnight. Neither of the boys took any part in the operations of the police. When they reached the factory in the morning they expected to hear of the arrest of Cable and Tulley. Those rascals however, had not turned up, according to their program, and consequently the plan to catch them had amounted to nothing. Tom was sent over to the island to see if the fake can was still where he had placed it. It was. Apparently, the rascals had not returned to the shanty yet. Tom did not disturb it, but went back to the factory and reported. The police watch in the factory yard was resumed that night, but without result. It was maintained during several more nights and then given up. Tom and Joe sailed to the island on the following Sunday and found the can in the same position.

"I guess Cable and Tulley gave up their scheme and have left the neighborhood," said Joe.

"Things point to that conclusion," nodded Tom. "If they have left, Silverton is well rid of them."

The boys went across the lake and landed on the other side near the county road. They walked around the vicinity to stretch their legs and finally came upon an old shack built a small clearing. Although fast falling to pieces, it showed signs of recent occupancy.

"This is the hang-out for tramps, I guess," said Tom, looking in at the door.

"Very likely. Nobody else would put up in such a hovel as this," said Joe.

They started on again through the wood. In a short time they heard voices ahead of them. At first they thought the voices belonged to a couple of men approaching them, but they soon discovered that the men were not moving. Their feet

made hardly any noise on the soft, grassy turf, and presently they made out the men through the bushes, seated on a fallen tree. In another moment or two Tom clutched his companion by the arm.

"It's Cable and Tulley," he whispered, in Joe's ear.

The discovery was enough to make them cautious after that.

"I wonder what they're talking about?" said Joe.

They edged near the men until they got within earshot. The rascals looked like men in pretty hard luck. They were gaunt and unshaven, while their garments were in bad shape.

"I don't see any use hanging around here any longer," said Tulley. "You can't get square with Gregson."

"I'd like to know who it was that discovered that can of nitro-glycerine where we left it in the shanty on the island, took it away and put another full of water in its place. If my eyes hadn't been sharp, and I detected the substitution, we'd have carried the stuff to the factory and made a mess of the job."

"Maybe it was them boys, Tom Bachelor and Joe Clark. We saw them several times sailing on the lake," said Tulley.

"What would bring them to the island that afternoon?" growled Cable.

"They might have landed by accident."

"S'pose they did. It ain't like boys to monkey with a can of nitro-glycerine. They might have blown themselves up."

"Tom Bachelor is liable to do anything. He's got a good nerve."

At that moment there came the sound of a galloping horse on the road close by.

"Somebody's coming this way on horseback," said Tulley. "Let's hold them up and borrow a quarter to buy something to eat. I'm nearly starved."

The suggestion took with Cable. Both men were desperate enough to do most anything. They sprang up and started for the road.

"Come along, Joe," said Tom, picking up a stick. "We must save that party from being robbed. Those fellows won't be satisfied with getting only a quarter."

Around the turn in the road came a young lady at a swinging gait. She was mounted on a handsome mare. As she drew nearer the boys recognized her as Nellie Gregson. She was an accomplished horsewoman, and loved nothing better than to ride the roads about Silverton. The two rascals, standing in the shadow of the bushes, recognized her, too. They believed she had both money and jewelry on her person and they determined to rob her.

Thus, while benefitting themselves, they would also get back at her father. They knew the factory-owner thought the sun, moon and stars shone on his only child, and Cable thought it would be good revenge to hold up the girl. So he and Tulley sprang out into the road and waved their arms in front of the mare. The animal shied and nearly unseated the girl. That gave Cable the chance to seize the animal by the bridle.

"Hand over your pocketbook, young lady, or

"we'll dump you into the road," he said, in a threatening tone.

"How dare you stop my horse?" cried the plucky girl, striking Cable in the face with her short, light whip.

With an imprecation, Cable grabbed the girl by the wrist and dragged her down. The girl uttered a loud scream.

"None of that," said the rascal, clapping his other rough hand across her mouth. "Take them diamond earrings out of her ears, and that diamond ring off her finger while I hold her, then we'll see about her pocketbook."

Tulley laid hold of her hand, but he got no further. Tom rushed at him and struck him across the head with a light stick he had picked up, sending him back. Then the young mechanic punched Cable in the face, causing him to partially let go of Miss Gregson. Joe seized the ruffian behind, and Tom was thus able to swing the girl free. Tulley, recovering from the blow and savage with rage, came to his companion's assistance. The men then recognized their assailants. Cable was furious to find that Tom Bachelor was on hand to interfere with him, and he jumped at the boy with a string of imprecations.

Tom held his ground and a desperate fight took place between them, with the advantage on the man's side, owing to his greater strength and heavier build. Joe also found that Tulley was a tough proposition to hold off, and not being as clever with his fists as Tom he was obliged to give way before the man's attack. The outcome of the affair looked very doubtful for the boys, but fortunately at that moment a touring automobile swung into sight and rapidly approached. A chauffeur and two gentlemen were in it. Nellie Gregson saw the machine coming and gesticulated for it to stop. As a matter of fact it had to stop or run down one pair of the combatants.

"Hello, what's the trouble, miss?" asked one of the gentlemen when the car came up.

Cable and Tulley awoke to this new danger and they suddenly broke away from the boys and, taking to their heels, disappeared into the wood. Tom and Joe showed many evidences of the hard scrap they had been in. Miss Gregson told the gentlemen who she was, and explained that the two rascals had stopped her mare and demanded her money. She struck one of them with her whip, whereupon the fellow pulled her off her animal and his companion was proceeding to rob her of her diamonds when the two boys, whom she recognized as employees in her father's factory, suddenly came to her assistance and were doing the best they could in her behalf when the automobile came up.

The boys joined her and told their part of the story and how they happened to be on that side of the lake. Miss Gregson expressed her gratitude to both of them and said her father would fully appreciate what they had done. She decided not to continue her ride, but follow the auto toward town. Tom assisted her to remount and received a charming smile from her. The auto started on and Miss Gregson, waving her hand at the boys, followed after it.

"This affair will make us solid with the boss," said Joe, as they started back for the place where they had left their boat.

"He'll feel under obligations to us, I suppose," said Tom.

"Nothing surer. Miss Gregson is a mighty pretty girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, and a good many pegs above us in the world."

"That's right. She moves in the highest society of Silverton. I wish I belonged to the upper crust myself. I'd go to some college instead of working in the office of a factory."

"It isn't necessary to go to college to get ahead in the world. I'm satisfied with my lot in life. If I become an expert mechanic it may lead to something still higher. Of course, a great deal depends on the chances that come a fellow's way. I intend to make the most of my abilities and of my opportunities."

"Everybody who knows you says you are uncommonly smart, so I guess you'll make your mark, all right."

They had now reached the spot where they left their sailboat. To their surprise and dismay the craft was gone.

CHAPTER VI.—A Big Jump Up the Ladder of Opportunity.

"Why, where's our boat?" cried Joe.

"That's what I want to know," said Tom, looking around. "There she is yonder," pointing out on the lake. "Those two rascals have run away with her."

"Confound them!" ejaculated Joe. "How are we going to get her back?"

"They are heading for the southern end of the lake. The only way we can recover her is to follow on foot along the shore. When they land we'll take possession of her."

"We may have a long walk."

"We can't help that."

They followed the boat for some distance, and then the boat turned its nose toward shore.

"They're going to land," said Joe. "We must keep out of sight. They will hardly suspect that we have followed them, and so we'll get the boat without any trouble."

They kept in the background and watched the boat draw in. The men landed at the extreme southeastern corner of the lake and, leaving the boat to look after itself, struck off across a meadow toward the road that led to the railroad. The boys ran down to the water's edge and found that the boat had floated off beyond their reach, so Joe had to take off his shoes and stockings and roll his trousers well up in order to wade out and reach her. It was dark by the time they got to the wharf where the craft belonged, and they lost no time in getting to their homes. After Tom had his tea he went to the station-house and started to tell the police about their adventure with Cable and Tulley. He found that Mr. Gregson had reported the attack on his daughter. A couple of officers had been sent to the locality to look for the men. Tom told the officer in charge that the policeman had gone on a wild-goose chase.

"The rascals ran off with our boat and we followed them to the southeast end of the lake, where they landed and went off across the meadow in the direction of the railroad. If you telephone to

Oakland you may head them off, for I heard Tulley say he was going there, and Cable is with him," said Tom.

It was a long wait before things took a turn for the better. The officer made a note of the information and then acted on it. Next morning, about ten, Tom was summoned to the office and was sent into the private office, where Mr. Gregson thanked him for the assistance he had rendered his daughter, and assured him that he wouldn't forget it. The police made an effort to capture Cable and Tulley, but were not successful. If the rascals went to Oakland they got there without being seen by the officers who were on the lookout for them. During July and August the factory closed at noon on Saturday, and the workmen were docked three hours' time, which reduced their pay another dollar or so. Tom got seventy-five cents less.

He and Joe each received a handsome present from Mr. Gregson in acknowledgment of their services in Miss Gregson's behalf. In the machine shop Tom was practically doing the work of a regular machinist at a little over half the regular pay. On the first of September, however, he was raised \$4 a week more, based on the old scale of wages, and was cut \$1.60, so that his pay was really \$14.40. It was a considerable improvement on \$10.80, and the difference went a long way toward helping out the family finances.

Tom was thoroughly familiar now with all the machinery used in the factory, and one of the machines had attracted his particular attention. He studied it carefully, for he had an idea that he could make an improvement in it that would greatly add to its usefulness. No one but a very clever mechanic could have got the idea and developed it. It took study, reflection and a knowledge of the machinist's trade to work the improvement out. The boy made a score of drawings before he was satisfied that he had his idea practically developed. Then he asked for an interview with Mr. Gregson.

"I have made an improvement on the wood-working machine on the third floor, Mr. Gregson, the plans and model of which I want to show you. If you think well of it I want you to patent it for me and then help me negotiate with the makers of the machine to take the improvement over on a royalty, or for a cash payment," he said.

The factory owner looked interested, and said he would be glad to help the boy if his improvement was a really good one. Tom first showed him a rough drawing of the machine as it was at present, and stated just what its capacity was. Then he described his improvement and what it ought to do for the machine. Mr. Gregson was impressed, but not being a mechanic he could not pass upon it, so Mr. Denby, the foreman of the machine shop, was called in consultation. He said Tom had talked the matter over with him from time to time and showed him some of his uncompleted plans, and that he had thought well of the idea. He was asked to look over the finished drawings, and to examine the working model and then give his opinion as an expert. This Denby did, and his verdict was in the young mechanic's favor.

"Reconstructed on the lines shown in this drawing," said the foreman, "the machine will have advantages it does not at present possess. The improvement can be patented as an improvement, with the view of selling it to the makers of

the Redmond machine. I dare say that it could be incorporated with any similar wood-working machine on the market, if Bachelor took up another machine and after a study of its peculiarities made alterations to suit. When that fact is brought to the attention of the Redmond people they will be glad to negotiate with Bachelor for the exclusive rights to his improvement."

On the strength of Denby's opinion, Mr. Gregson made application, in Tom's name, for a patent on his improvement. As soon as the application was entered at the Patent Office, Mr. Gregson entered into communication with the manufacturers of the Redmond machine. A representative of that house came to Silverton at once, and Tom went into the merits of his improvement with him. The visitor, who was an expert in his line, pronounced the improvement an excellent one and reported to the head of the house. Negotiations were at once entered into with Tom, and in addition to a specified royalty he was offered a position in the shops of the Redmond Manufacturing Co., at wages of \$30 a week, to superintend the building of the new Redmond machine, embodying his improvement.

This offer was a first-class one and so advantageous to him in every way that Tom, with Mr. Gregson's approval, accepted it at once. The factory-owner advised him to ask for a five-year agreement, subject to renewal by mutual consent, at a reasonable increase in salary. The Redmond people had the papers drawn up and sent them on for Tom's approval and signature. The agreement was to go into effect on the first of October, without reference to the ultimate granting of the patent, which was considered as a foregone conclusion, and Tom was expected to report for duty on that date, when the manufacture of the improved machine would be begun. As soon as the Redmond people received the duplicate agreement bearing the boy's signature, all work toward finishing the present type of that particular machine in their catalogue was stopped, and casting molds were ordered for the new parts embracing the improvement.

The plant of the Redmond Manufacturing Co. was situated on the outskirts of Rushville, a large, wide-awake Western town. Rushville stood at the bend of a large, navigable river and was the junction of two railroads. It was as different from Silverton as light is to darkness, though its population was only about double that of the New England town. On the third Saturday in September Tom quit the machine shop in the Silverton factory, as he had to prepare for his departure from his native town. It was then that Mrs. Bachelor and her daughter Jessie woke up to the painful fact that the son and brother, the young master of the house, was actually about to go more than 1,000 miles away from home into a new, strange and bustling region, where people and conditions were different in many ways from those to which he was accustomed. And yet as far away as Rushville was on the map, it was not over thirty hours' travel on an express.

"Don't worry about me, mother," said Tom reassuringly. "I can take care of myself. I may go."

Thus spoke Tom, and his words comforted his mother and invalid sister, and when the

parting came they let him go, with tears of love and hope in their eyes.

CHAPTER VII.—At Rushville.

Tom had never been far from Silverton in his life—never farther than Boston, and he went there only once. Now he found himself traveling at express speed toward the setting sun—the great and populous West, just east of the mighty Mississippi River. Rushville, where Tom got out one morning, was characteristic of the bustling Middle West. It was full of life and action. There was not a minute between sunrise and midnight when something wasn't doing there. It was a veritable beehive of industry, where a drone was decidedly out of place, for nobody had any use for him.

The fact that two railroads formed a junction there showed its commercial importance, and these railroads, with their connections, ran east, west, north and south all over the country, like a great spider's web of steel. The Redmond Manufacturing Co. was only one of many industries employing hundreds of men in an atmosphere that hummed with the whirl of pulleys and belting, and the noise of driving machinery. Tom walked into the business office and inquired for Mr. Mason, the manager of the plant.

"What's your name?" asked a wide-awake boy, a part of whose business it was to attend to visitors.

"Tom Bachelor."

Then Tom discovered that he was not such a stranger as he supposed he was.

"Oh, you're Bachelor, are you?" said the youth, looking at him with considerable interest. "You're expected. Take a seat."

The boy disappeared and returned in a few moments.

"Follow me," he said, and presently Tom found himself in a private room, modestly fitted up, and in the presence of the man who directed affairs at the big plant.

Mr. Mason was a man of forty, with sharp, black eyes that took one in at a glance. He looked like a concentrated bundle of energy. He was up to his eyes in business when Tom was announced, but dropped everything to give his attention to the young machinist-inventor, consigned to the establishment by the general manager of the company at Chicago.

He was prepared to see a very young man, but hardly a boy, and for a moment he stared, eyeing Tom from head to foot. The inspection reassured him, for Tom had the bearing of an unusual boy, and the fact was not lost on the plant manager.

"Take a seat," said the manager. "So you're Thomas Bachelor? I'm glad to know you," and he held out his hand.

The interview that followed was short but very much to the point. Then the manager pushed a button and the office boy appeared.

"Take Bachelor to the wood-working department and introduce him to Mr. Bushnell," he said. "One moment, please," he added, as Tom rose to go. "Where are you stopping?"

Tom told him.

"Speak to Mr. Bushnell about lodgings. He will direct you to a suitable location within easy walking distance of the plant."

The manager turned to his work and Tom went out with the office boy.

"What's your name?" Tom asked the boy.

"Billy Oliver. Say, how would you like to come to my house and board. We have a good spare room, and my mother will take you at a reasonable price, and we'll all treat you well. I live three blocks from the plant, which will be just right for you. You might try it for a week, and if you aren't satisfied I'll help you find another place," said Billy.

"Thank you for the offer, Billy. I'll take you up. It would be pleasanter for me to be with somebody I knew and was connected with the place here."

"All right. When you start to go, call in at the office. I'll get permission from the manager to go off with you, and I'll take you to my house and introduce you to my mother. If you like the room we'll go to the hotel and get your trunk."

A minute later Tom was shaking hands with Superintendent Bushnell, who was at his desk in his shirt-sleeves and got up to shake hands with him.

Billy Oliver went back to the office and Tom sat down to get acquainted with the man who was to be his immediate superior. After a short talk the superintendent proceeded to outline the boy's position and what would be expected of him. His job was just above that of the average foreman. He was to have entire charge of the assembling, or putting together, of the improved machine embodying his invention. He would be fully instructed in all the details of the machine outside of his own invention, though it was understood he was fairly familiar already with the theory of the machine, for he could hardly have evolved his invention and adjusted it to the other working parts without having studied the subject very closely.

"I don't think I'll need much coaching, sir," said Tom. "I had to construct a complete working model of the machine, embracing my improvements, in order to arrive at a practical result. Before I started in at all I made myself thoroughly familiar with your machine as it stood in Mr. Gregson's factory. It was the first and most important move in the scheme, as you will easily understand. I have taken your machine apart in sections and put it together again. Had my facilities been equal to the demand I would have reconstructed Mr. Gregson's machine on the lines that will represent the new machine this company intends to put on the market under the patent I have applied for. So you see that I understand pretty nearly all the points you expected to have me instructed in."

"I am glad to hear it," said the superintendent. "Until the new castings now under way are ready for use in the assembling room you can make yourself familiar with all the details of my department relating to your particular machine. As I judge that you will be interested in the plant as a whole, I will take you around and give you an insight into it, introducing you to the other foremen."

"Thank you, sir; I shall be glad to inspect the

company's plant. All kinds of machinery have a peculiar interest for me," said Tom.

Tom was taken around the superintendent's own department first and introduced. He saw the machine he had improved in all stages of construction. Work had been dropped in the assembling room on all machines not almost finished under the original patents, as Tom's improvement was so important that the company did not care to ship any more of the old style ones than they could help.

The cost of the new model would be somewhat advanced, but its advantage more than made up for the added price. Tom was taken all over the plant and was greatly interested in all that he saw. Finally he returned to the office. Here he saw the manager again for a few minutes, and was told to report in the morning. Billy Oliver was excused for the rest of the day, when he told the manager that he wanted to take Tom over to his house. He was directed to show Bachelor over the town after the matter of lodgings had been satisfactorily arranged. So Tom and Billy left the plant together.

few frills in order to look their best when they met him. Tom fully came up to their expectations, and the two girls laid themselves out to produce a favorable impression on him. The young machinist-inventor thought the girls pretty and attractive, and was pleased with the attention they bestowed upon him. He spoke about his mother and invalid sister in Silverton in such a feeling way that Mrs. Oliver and her daughters were more than ever satisfied that he was a fine boy.

His first evening in Rushville was spent in the sitting-room of the Oliver home with the family, and when he retired he felt pretty well satisfied with his new friends. Before going to bed he took writing materials out of his trunk and wrote a long letter to his mother, describing his arrival in Rushville, his reception at the Redmond plant, and finally his good luck in finding a nice, congenial home right away.

This letter he posted on his way to work next morning with Billy. Tom's first day at the plant was a great success. He proved himself a first-class fellow and became popular at once. Those who had privately resented the idea of receiving orders from a boy considerably younger in years and experience than themselves forgot their hastily formed grievance and put themselves on good terms with him.

He spent the day familiarizing himself with the department and the methods practiced in it, and went home with Billy in fine spirits. The new castings were being rushed through the foundry as fast as possible, but it was not till the end of the week that any finished parts were available for use. After that they began coming in fast until a sufficient supply had accumulated to keep Tom and his assistant busy. When the first of the new models was completed, belting was attached to it and it was started up.

The superintendent of the department came with the manager to see how it worked. It ran as smoothly as a sewing-machine, to the great satisfaction of the two men, as well as Tom himself. The young inventor was complimented upon the results he had fully realized, and was congratulated on the financial returns that would be his when the machine had been put on the market and sold in large numbers, as they appeared to be no question it would be, for the new model was way ahead of anything in its line.

Of course, Tom wrote another letter to his mother, including one to his sister, describing his success at the plant and the splendid future that lay before him, and which he had pictured to them as a future prospect before he left home. He also wrote a letter to Mr. Gregson on the same subject, and one to his friend, Joe Clark, from whom he had just received a letter telling him how dull things seemed in Silverton since he left, and how much he (Joe) missed his company.

Tom found himself quite at home with the Olivers, and they did everything to make things pleasant for him. The first new model was shipped to Chicago and placed in the salesroom there on exhibition. It was photographed for catalogue purposes, and then the photo was mounted, framed and hung up in the general gallery with other models of the company's output. The first lot of new machines was shipped singly to each

CHAPTER VIII.—Cable and Tulley Bob Up Again.

Billy Oliver lived in a plain, neat cottage on the suburbs of Rushville, in a neighborhood populated largely by working people. He took Tom to his house and introduced him to his mother.

"He's looking for a place to live and I brought him here," he said. "I'll show him the room you have for rent and you can tell him what you will charge him for it, with board."

Tom found the room very comfortable, and Mrs. Oliver's terms were satisfactory to him, so he said he would come. They then went to the hotel and Tom settled for his dinner and a certain additional charge for the room he had not occupied. Billy then hunted up an expressman and arranged with him to deliver Tom's trunk at the Oliver house. The two boys then started out on a tour of the business part of the town.

A lively and interesting part that they visited was the river front, which ran around the business section. The river, which was not over wide at that point, was spanned by two railroad suspension bridges. The water front was alive with small steamers and fore-and-aft craft. A considerable amount of merchandise was shipped by water to points chiefly South. When the boys returned to the house that Tom was to regard as a home for many months, they found that the expressman's trunk had been duly delivered and carried to his room.

When Tom came down to dinner he was introduced to Bessie and Alice Oliver, Billy's sisters, who were working in one of the railroad offices as stenographers. They had been in a flutter of excitement ever since they came home and learned from their mother that a young man from the Redmond plant, was going to board with them.

After getting a description of Tom from their mother they rushed to their room to put on a

of the branch offices to take orders on, while the work of making up a supply to fill orders went on as rapidly as possible under Tom's direction.

Every week, regularly, Tom forwarded to his mother \$20 of his wages, and this steady supply of money from the West made things very easy with the Bachelors in their little cottage at Silverton. One paragraph in Jessie's second letter made Tom's eyes glisten. It ran:

"We are having a difficult time with Nap. He took your going very easy, as you know, for he expected you right back. He is growing restive under your absence. Every day he takes his station on the porch and watches for your coming. It is hard to get him in even for his meals. In the evening he lies on the rug at my feet, with his eyes closed. One might fancy him asleep but for his ears, which are constantly on the alert—listening, listening, always listening for your step. I talk to him about you and tell him you are far away, all of a thousand miles or more—that you will be back at Christmas and he must have patience. I showed him your last letter. He smelt it and then uttered a bark—several of them. He knew it was from you, perhaps smelt the impress of your hand. He took the letter away and lay down with it under his paws and chin, and I believe he went to sleep, satisfied for the first time."

Two months passed away and the first of December arrived. The new model had fully met the expectations of the company's management and was selling rapidly. It almost had the field to itself and the plant was a week behind in orders, though the working force under Tom had been nearly doubled. One morning two machinists applied for work and were taken on in the finishing-room of the wood-working department. Some time that afternoon Tom passed through that room and suddenly came face to face with Cable. The surprise was mutual, and for a moment neither spoke. Then Cable uttered an oath and said:

"What brings you out here?"

"I might ask you the same question," replied Tom calmly.

"If you did, I'd tell you it was none of your blamed business."

"It would be like you."

"So you're working in this plant, eh? Changed your stamping-ground to finish your trade? Now, look here, if you give Tulley or me away it will be worse for you. Understand? We don't want to be run out of this place on your account. If you blow on us and get us fired something will happen to you as sure as you're standing there. What department are you in?"

"I happen to be in this department."

"The deuce you are! And what room?"

"You will have to learn that from somebody else. So Tulley is here with you? You're a nice pair, and you made a big mistake when you shook Gregson's on account of the wage cut. The old rates are in force there again."

"How do you know?"

"Because I'm in touch with Silverton."

"You are, eh?" cried Cable, with a black look. "Maybe you'll send word to Gregson that we are here, and it might suit him to have us arrested and brought back to stand for that hold-up on the county road. Well, you do it, that's all, and

see where you'll land. You ought to know me well enough to understand it ain't healthy to do me dirt. I always get back at the chap who tries it on."

With those words Cable walked off to carry the news to his pal, Tulley. Later Cable's inquiries located Tom, and he learned of the boy's importance to the plant, and under what circumstances he had come West.

"Well, what do you think of that, Tulley? An apprentice set above men who have finished at their trade, and all 'cause he thought up some new-fangled idea which has proved a success. I reckon he feels big enough to risk turning on us. We must look out for ourselves. It's my opinion we must strike the first blow or take the consequences," said Cable, with a sinister look.

"Hang the luck!" snarled Tulley. "Just as we've struck a good job, too."

The two rascals had no further chance for conversation until the plant closed down for the day and they left the works together for the cheap lodgings where they had put up when they blew into town. The topic of their talk the reader will surmise was Tom Bachelor, and they put their heads together to concoct some scheme for the boy's undoing.

As for Tom himself, he had not decided on his course of action towards them. One thing, however, he believed to be his duty and that was to send word to Mr. Gregson that the two men had gone to work in the Redmond plant, and let that gentleman take whatever action he saw fit. After supper that evening he took Billy to his room and told him about Cable and Tulley, and the unsavory record they had made for themselves in Silverton.

"Better see Superintendent Bushnell and have them discharged," said Billy. "The management doesn't want such rascals in the plant."

"No," said Tom, "I'm going to send word to Mr. Gregson that they are here. By letting them stay on the job the police will know where to find them if they get orders from the East to arrest and hold them for extradition. If they're discharged they would probably shake the town and they wouldn't be caught. See the idea?"

"Yes. Your plan is a good one," nodded Billy, and the subject was dropped.

CHAPTER IX.—In the Frying-pan and Out.

Two days later Saturday came around and Cable and Tulley each drew half a week's pay. With the money in their pockets they started for a saloon on the river front, where they were acquainted. That evening Tom and Billy went to the theater and were out late. As they were entering the gate of the little garden in front of the house they were suddenly confronted by several men, whose faces were masked with handkerchiefs. The intruders had been hiding behind the fence pickets.

Before the boys could recover from their surprise they received blows that laid them both out on the garden walk. Tom was quickly bound and gagged and carried off, while Billy was left to recover his scattered senses at his leisure.

TOM, THE APPRENTICE

When Tom came around, an hour later, he found himself in a dark place, lying on a lot of deal boards. He was still bound, but the gag had been removed. He remembered the attack made upon him and Billy, and he wondered where the rascals had carried him to.

The sound of water lapping against the side of the place he was in, together with a sense of motion, presently convinced him that he was in the hold of some small vessel—perhaps a sloop. He wondered why he had been brought there. Rolling over on his side he made an effort to free his arms from the bonds that held them, and after some struggling succeeded. Sitting up, he saw a light shining through a small opening. Making his way to it over the planks he found that the light came through a knot-hole in the bulkhead between the cabin of the vessel and the hold.

Applying his eye to the hole he saw four men seated around a table, playing cards. Two of the men he recognized as Cable and Tulley. That was enough to convince him that he was the victim of a premeditated plot engineered by the two rascally machinists. What the ultimate purpose of the men was he could only guess at. The fact that he had been carried aboard a vessel indicated that they were taking him either up or down the river.

Of course, they didn't mean to let him go free after they reached whatever destination they had in view, for it would not be difficult for him to get back to Rushville. The motion of the craft was very light, which showed that she was not going through the water very fast. That fact told Tom there was little wind on the river. Under such conditions the boy figured that the sail was likely to be a long one.

He listened to the conversation that went on between the men, but it had no reference whatever to himself. The men were playing for small stakes and Cable and Tulley appeared to be winning. Occasionally the whisky bottle, which stood in the center of the table, made a circuit of the table, those playing filling their glasses about half full, and then taking a swallow at a time, without water. Tom did not see that he was gaining anything by watching the men, so he backed away over the boards, feeling the ceiling of the hold with one hand until he came to the square opening of the hatch which, of course, was closed by its cover.

Tom pushed up against it, but it was too heavy for him to raise single-handed. A short distance beyond the hatch was another bulkhead, separating the hold proper from a small place in the bow of the craft, which was used as a galley. That was as far as the boy could move in that direction, and realizing that he couldn't escape from the hold he sat with his back against the forward bulkhead and waited to see what would happen next.

The talk and coarse laughter of the men in the cabin reached him at intervals, deadened by the intervening bulkhead. Suddenly matters in the cabin developed into a row over the game. Tom was not surprised at such an occurrence, considering the character of the men, and the fact that they had been drinking freely. High words and imprecations were exchanged and then, as might be expected, the fight came to blows. Cable,

as we have remarked before, was quarrelsome and dangerous when in liquor, and he was a tough customer with his fists, as Tom found out that Sunday afternoon on the county road. The two river men in the cabin were also rough chaps, who were ready for a scrap on small provocation.

They had detected Cable and Tulley cheating and accused them of it. The two Easterners were drunk enough to be ripe for a fight, and so the four went at it, hammer and tongs, and tore things up generally in the cabin. The owner of the large sloop, who was a hard nut himself, dropped the helm and came down to stop the proceedings. When he saw how things were going he got mad himself and pitched in at the nearest man, who happened to be Tulley.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Tom, as he heard the terrible din in the cabin, "somebody is liable to be badly done up. Well, I don't care. I hope they all get laid out, and then maybe I'll have a chance to escape."

The row continued at a terrific rate, while the sloop sailed on without a guiding hand. The tide, acting on her rudder, swung her head shoreward and she headed in that direction in her sluggish way. Tom went over to the knot-hole and looked into the cabin. The table and chairs had already been smashed and the scrappers were mixed up in the debris. Suddenly Tulley, with his face streaming with blood, tore himself free from his adversary, grabbed a broken chair and swung it aloft to brain his man.

The leg of the broken chair struck the lamp, dislodged it from its holder and it fell, with a crash, on the floor beside one of the lockers. The broken chimney left the flame exposed and it caught the bedclothes on the locker and set them on fire. The momentary darkness was lit up by the slight glow of the lamp flame and the burning of the bedclothes. Tulley, instead of carrying out his purpose, lost his balance and fell forward, chair and all, on top of the river man.

The fight went on without interruption, the beginning of the fire attracting no attention from the combatants. Tom saw that matters would soon be serious if the fire was allowed to get any swing. Confined in the hold, with a stout bulkhead between him and the cabin, he could do nothing. He saw the flames spread rapidly over the bedclothes. They caught on the mattress and that furnished better fuel. The cabin grew lighter every moment and the smoke rose and swept out through the companion-chairs leading to the cockpit.

A small part of the smoke found its way into the hold and Tom felt that his situation was growing more precarious every moment. He crawled back to the hatch and made a desperate effort to raise it. This time it moved upward, and persevering he succeeded in raising it about three inches and shoving it forward a couple of inches, so that one end rested on the combing, or raised edge, which ordinarily held the hatch cover securely in position over the hatch itself. Having done that much, Tom felt that repeated efforts on his part would force the hatch cover far enough forward to leave an opening large enough for him to crawl out.

The situation was too tense for him to lose any time over the matter. Inch by inch he moved the

cover forward, each time enlarging the opening. Finally he got his head and shoulders out, gave one last shove, and then crawled out on deck. He saw that the sloop, left without her helmsman, had worked in towards the shore and was now close to the river bank. The smoke was pouring out of the companionway in a cloud. He wondered why the men didn't wake up to their peril and quit fighting.

At that moment the men did wake up to the fact that the cabin was all ablaze. The skipper of the sloop dashed into the cockpit with a bucket in his hand, filled it with water and ran back. The other men staggered out, a badly bunged-up and demoralized lot. Probably by this time they did not know what they had been fighting about. The skipper came up for more water and the third pailful smothered the last of the blaze, leaving the cabin in a sloppy condition.

Tom had kept well forward in the shadow of the mainsail and so escaped notice. It is a question whether he would have been observed, anyway, for the skipper was busy and excited over the fire, while the other four had pommelled each other into a state of mental haziness that rendered them incapable of anything. While the skipper was below with the third bucket of water the sloop bumped her nose against the bank. Tom at once jumped ashore and sought the shelter of a group of trees.

CHAPTER X.—The Adventure on the Road.

Tom paused to watch the sloop, which began veering around broadside to the shore. When the skipper came up, after extinguishing the fire, he discovered the position of the sloop. He grabbed the handle of the rudder and moved it over, taking a hitch around it with a piece of rope to hold it steady. Then he jumped on deck, picked up a pole and went forward to push the sloop's nose away from the shore. Tom figured that when he had accomplished his object and walked back to the cockpit he would discover that the hatch cover was partly off the hatch, which would naturally call his attention to the prisoner he supposed was still in the hold.

"I guess I'd better get away from here," he said to himself, "though the danger of any pursuit is small, for those four chaps floundering around the cockpit are not in condition to chase a snail, and the skipper of the sloop is not likely to leave his vessel even if he discovers that I have got away."

Tom moved off through the trees until he lost sight of the craft and the river altogether. He moved across a bare stretch of ground till he struck a winding road.

"Now let me see if I can guess where I am?" he asked himself. "I'm either on the left bank of the river, north of Rushville, or the right bank south of it. At any rate, I may take it for granted that I am several miles from town. If I had noticed the way the river was flowing I'd have my bearings all right, but I didn't take any notice of it. At any rate, I'm on the Rushville side, either above or below the town. If I follow the road that way, which seems to be down the river, I may—why, what a clump I am! The

sloop was sailing in that direction when I got out of the hold. All I have to do is to walk in the opposite direction, because the vessel was sailing away from Rushville."

Having satisfied himself of the direction the town lay in, Tom started out to hoof it along the road. It was about two in the morning, and the air was cold. He swung his arms and walked briskly forward to get up his circulation.

"I wonder if Billy was knocked out at the same time I was?" he asked himself. "I guess he must have been, or those rascals wouldn't have been able to have carried me down to the river front, and put me on board the sloop, without some trouble. The outrage was clearly aimed at me alone, and was hatched up by Cable and Tulley to get me out of the way. I wonder what they intended to do with me when the sloop reached her destination? As I can't guess, I won't bother trying to. I'm glad to-morrow is Sunday, for I'll be able to rest myself up after this adventure. When Cable and Tulley get sober and realize that I have escaped from the sloop, I guess they won't dare return to work on Monday morning. They'll skip the town. I must call on the police before I go home, tell my story and point out the direction followed by the sloop. The police ought to be able to overtake her and capture the rascals."

After an hour's steady tramp over the deserted road, and past farmhouses where not a light was to be seen in the windows, Tom sat down to rest on a log. There was hardly enough wind to move the lighter branches of the leafless trees. Above his head shone down a myriad of misty stars. The general aspect of the landscape was dreary, and Tom was sure he had never felt so lonesome in all his life. When he had rested himself a bit he got up and walked on again.

He put in another hour of heel-and-toe exercise, and there was still no indication ahead that he was approaching Rushville. It was now four o'clock on Sunday morning and the night appeared to be growing darker, if anything. He presently came to another road, which joined the one he was on. It led off into the country and away from the river. There was a moving object on it, coming toward him.

It had two great blazing eyes and looked for all the world like a monster bug covering the ground at a high rate of speed. Tom easily guessed it was a touring car en route for town. He wondered if he could stop it and get a ride. It was a dangerous proceeding to get out in the road and wave his hands and hat. The machine was likely to be upon him before the man driving it noticed him. The hum of the auto now reached his ears. With an apparently deserted road before him the man at the wheel was driving it at its best gait.

As it came dashing up, Tom shouted and waved his hat on one side. He was heard, but the machine shot past him, like a flash, nevertheless. Thinking it might stop, he ran after it, but it disappeared around a turn and was gone. Through the still morning air he heard a crash and then silence.

"That auto must have run against something, for I don't know what else could have caused that sound," he thought.

He started forward on a trot and after covering an eighth of a mile he came to the turn and

rounded it. Straight ahead he saw something standing up in the air, blocking the road. As he approached he saw it was the rear end of the auto. There was a bridge at that point which, for some reason, had broken down before the car came that way and the auto had pitched into the opening and speared itself on some of the broken and jagged timbers. After a hasty look at the wreck, Tom looked around for the three persons he had caught a fleeting glance of in it. At first there appeared to be no sign of them. They were not in the road on either side of the wrecked bridge, as far as he could see.

"I'm afraid they were killed, for they were going mighty fast the last I saw of them," he said to himself.

He looked into the gulley spanned by the bridge and saw the form of a girl imbedded in a mass of bushes on the other side, where she had been tossed. At the same moment he saw a man hanging under the front of the auto, held up by the tail of his overcoat.

"Hello!" cried the boy, at a venture.

"Help! Help!" came back from the man.

It looked like a risky venture to go to his aid, but Tom was not a boy to hesitate in an emergency.

"I guess the machine will not go down any further," he thought. "At any rate, my weight oughtn't to count."

He climbed into the auto and let himself down into the front seat where the wheel was. He was astonished to find the machine so little damaged, considering the impact it must have received, as he supposed. He found some foothold on the broken bridge, and managed to reach the spot where the man was suspended.

"Are you badly hurt, sir?" he asked, presuming the man was.

"I don't think so," said that person. "How I escaped broken limbs I don't know, but it is my opinion that I'll come out all right if I can get out of this predicament. I was thrown against the broken bridge and slipped down here. My coat caught, somehow, and here I have been hanging. What I am worried about is my daughter, who was in the back seat, and from whom I have heard nothing. Have you seen her up there?"

"No, sir. I know where she is, though. She is lying in the bushes across this gulley. She appears to be unconscious. Whether she is much hurt it is impossible to say till she is reached," said Tom.

"Can you cut my coat free?"

"I guess I can, but you'll fall into the gulley unless you can catch the end of that beam near you, and it will hold you," said Tom.

"I can stand the drop, I guess," he replied.

Tom took out his pocket-knife and began sawing at the cloth of the coat. After he had severed three or four inches, the man's weight tore the rest free and down he went, like a shot, a dozen feet, crashing into the bushes. The gulley wasn't very wide, and so Tom trusted himself to the broken timbers of the bridge and managed to get across. Lowering himself down a few feet, he reached the bushes where the young lady lay in a confused heap. She was just coming to her senses and Tom succeeded in hauling her up to

the side of the road. She opened her eyes and looked into his face.

"Where am I?" she asked. "What has happened? Where is my father?"

"Don't you remember what happened?" asked Tom.

She put her hand to her head in a puzzled way.

"Are you hurt?" continued the boy.

"Hurt!" she repeated. "I don't know that there's anything the matter with me. Won't you tell me what has happened?"

"Why, your automobile——"

"Ah! I remember it all now. We struck something and I was thrown out. That is all I recollect."

"The machine hit a broken bridge across this gulley."

"Where is my father?" she asked anxiously, releasing herself from Tom's supporting arms and standing up without assistance.

"There he is, nearly at the top of the gulley on the other side. I guess he isn't injured much or he couldn't have climbed up the side of the gulley."

"Did he fall into it?"

"Not at the time of the accident."

Tom explained to her how, when he came on the scene, he had found her father hanging in the air under the machine and had cut his coat loose, which caused him to drop into the gulley. The gentleman was now looking around for his daughter and, incidentally, Tom. The boy called to him and told him that his daughter was with him and unhurt.

"How shall I get across?" asked the gentleman.

"You'd better go back the way you came up and then climb up on this side."

The gentleman followed his suggestion and in a short time joined them. After anxiously inquiring of his daughter how she had come out of the accident, he turned to Tom and said:

"I'm greatly indebted to you for the aid you have rendered us."

"You are welcome," said Tom.

"Are you the boy who signaled us from the side of the road?"

"Yes, sir."

"You had found this bridge down and wanted to warn us?"

"No, sir. I didn't know anything about this bridge or its condition."

"Then I shall be glad to learn why you tried to stop the machine."

"My only object was to get a lift to Rushville. I have been traveling the river road for two hours or more and I was tired."

"Well, you undoubtedly saved our lives, anyway. I shut off the power after passing you and had the brake on when we hit the wreck of the bridge. But for that we must have struck it at a speed of forty miles an hour, which we were going when you signaled us. I shut off, as I said, thinking something was the matter, and that accounts for us getting off as easily as we have. I am just as grateful to you as though you knew what we were heading for. What is your name?"

"Tom Bachelor."

"You live in Rushville, I suppose?"

"I am living there for the present. I belong in

Silverton, Massachusetts. I came West under contract with the Redmond Manufacturing Company, and I am working in that plant."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman. "Let me introduce myself. My name is George Brown, and this is my daughter, Bessie."

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Brown, and yours, too, Miss Brown," said Tom.

He then told them how he came to be tramping the highroad at that unseemly hour in the morning.

"You appear to have had a strenuous time of it," said Mr. Brown. "Well, I suppose my machine will have to block up the road until I can have it pulled out. The county will have to foot a bill for damages, and may count itself lucky to get off easy."

"Have you any idea how far Rushville is from here?"

"About three miles. It's fortunate for us it is not further."

Mr. Brown, his daughter and Tom started to cover the distance. During the walk Tom told how he had invented the improvement on the Redmond wood-working machine which resulted greatly to his advantage.

"I have a five-year contract with the company which they will probably wish to renew when it expires. It's a fine establishment to work for, so it's more than likely I shall remain some time in Rushville, though I expect to visit my mother and sister two or three times a year," said Tom.

He learned that Mr. Brown was president of the First National Bank of Rushville, and that indicated he was one of the town's leading citizens. He told Tom where he lived and invited him to call and see them. He and his daughter had been visiting a sick relative in a neighboring town and were returning home at that unusual hour because the banker had an important engagement in Rushville that morning. They reached town in due time, and Tom parted with his new friends to call on the police to put them on the track of Cable and Tulley. He found that Billy had reported the night assault and the disappearance of his friend, and that the police were hunting for him. After putting the authorities onto the sloop he went home.

CHAPTER XI.—Tom Comes Home for Christmas.

Billy was in bed and asleep when Tom let himself in. He was fast asleep himself when Billy looked in his room next morning to see if he had turned up. Tom slept on till dinner-time, when Billy aroused him and asked for the story of his night's adventure. Billy was surprised to hear all he had passed through. He congratulated Tom on having made such an influential friend as Mr. Brown, and agreed with him that Cable and Tulley were not likely to reappear at the plant.

As a matter of fact, Cable and Tully did not report for work on Monday morning, nor were they caught by the police, although the sloop was located at her destination at a small town up the river, where her freight of boards was consigned.

The skipper and his hands, the two river men, were arrested and brought before the town magistrate, but they swore they knew nothing about any boy who had been carried up the river a prisoner in the hold of the vessel. As their complicity in Tom's abduction could not be proved they were allowed to go.

The skipper admitted he had carried Cable and Tulley up the river some distance and, at their request, had put them on shore at a village on the stern side of the river. A day or two later a request came from the Silverton police to arrest and hold Cable and Tulley, but as the birds had disappeared, the Rushville authorities were unable to comply. Two weeks later Tom got a fortnight's leave of absence to visit his mother and sister over the Christmas holidays. He wrote them when he was coming on, and sent a note to Joe Clark to the same effect. Joe was at the station waiting to greet him when the train came in on the afternoon before Christmas. The boys were delighted to see each other again.

"You look as fine as silk, Tom," said Joe, when his friend came up to him, suit-case in hand.

"You look all right, too, Joe," responded Tom. "How's everything in this burg?"

"Nothing startling has happened since you went away. There are no particular changes at the factory. We run in a groove here. I judge from your descriptions of Rushville that it's a lively town—a whole lot different from Silverton."

"Yes, it is. It's full of life and action. Most Western towns and cities are. You see, the big manufactories there contribute an air of rush and business, while the fact that it is the junction of two big railroad systems, not to speak about the river traffic, gives the town a wide-awake air."

"I'd like to go out there. You must have felt strange the day you landed in the place."

"I did. I felt as if I had stepped into a new world. The West is wholly different from the East. The people are different. They are broader and more liberal in their views. For instance, the inhabitants of Rushville are willing to concede that there are other towns on the map beside that place. It is the same with the big cities, like Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. None of them claim to be the only city of importance in America. Now, I've heard that New Yorkers assert that it is the whole thing, while Bostonians, you know, claim that city as the Hub of the country. I like the West the more I see of it, and it's likely I'll stay there a good while if I live."

It was with a sense of satisfaction, however, that Tom trod the familiar streets of his native town once more. Everything was as familiar to him as the day he left—three months before. He didn't notice a single change of any importance. In fact, it didn't seem as if he had been out of it at all. His three months' sojourn and experience in Rushville was almost like a vivid dream from which he had just awakened. His mother and sister, much improved in her health, were seated at the front window of the cottage waiting to catch the first sight of him.

On the mat outside lay Nap in the afternoon sunshine. The animal, which had grown accustomed to his absence, evidently knew he was expected. Jessie had shown him Tom's last letter

and told him that his master was coming. Before Tom quite reached the gate with Joe, who left him there, the dog flew down the walk, barking like mad. He sprang at the gate as if he would tear it down. Then when Tom spoke to him he showed his joy all over. Tom dropped his suit-case before he opened the gate, for he knew the dog would be all over him in a moment. And he was, and Tom had a job to quiet him.

"Walk ahead, Nap," he said, picking up his grip and shutting the gate, and the dog obeyed.

At the open door stood Mrs. Bachelor and Jessie, and a loving greeting they gave the returned son and brother. It was a happy family that gathered in the living-room a few minutes later, with Nap on the floor in front of his master. If ever a dog was in the seventh heaven of delight, Nap was at that moment. Joe, in the meanwhile, spread the news of Tom's return among their friends and acquaintances, whom he had already advised in advance of his coming.

Some of them dropped in that evening to welcome the young machinist-inventor back. All expressed the regret that his visit was to be so short. Tom had lots to talk about, and every one was curious to hear about Rushville and the big Redmond plant.

"You are sporting a fine watch and chain, with a valuable charm," said Joe. "You are good to yourself."

"I didn't buy it. That was presented to me by the president of the First National Bank of Rushville."

"You don't say!" said Joe, in surprise.

"Yes, I rendered him and his daughter a big service one morning on the road outside of the town, and he gave me that watch and chain as an evidence of his application. The charm is a present from his daughter."

Tom then told about his night adventure on the river in the sloop, when Cable and Tulley had carried him off a prisoner from Rushville, with sinister intent, and how, after making his escape from the vessel, he had the adventure on the road which introduced him to the banker and his daughter. Joe wanted to know how Miss Brown compared with Miss Gregson.

"They are both fine girls, but I think Miss Brown is a little bit the prettier."

"She moves in top society out there, of course?"

"Yes, but she treats me as an equal. I have called on her at her home and have a standing invitation to repeat."

"You're in luck. That's the kind of a girl to catch on with."

"When Mr. Gregson got your letter, telling him that Cable and Tulley were working at your plant, he expected to have them arrested and brought on here to stand trial for their assault on his daughter. He was much disappointed when he received word that the men had disappeared from Rushville," said Joe.

"Those fellows were afraid of me. They had the idea I would give them away; that is why they carried me away from the town and intended to keep me away, if they could manage it. When their plans slipped a cog they didn't dare come back, because they knew they would be arrested on sight."

Tom, accompanied by Nap, visited Mr. Gregson at his home, next morning, and the boy received a hearty welcome. Miss Gregson expressed the pleasure at meeting him again, and was exceedingly nice to him. Tom told the manufacturer a great deal about his work at the Redmond plant, and how well the new model machine, embodying his improvement, was taking throughout the country.

"The company will render an accounting of the sales for the first period, ending December 31st, and then I will get my first royalty payment," said Tom. "After that I will get a statement and a check every six months."

"You are certainly on the road to success and fortune," said Mr. Gregson, "and I congratulate you heartily."

"Well, I tried for it, and meant to win," said Tom. "Now, I'm going to do something for you if you will permit me, sir."

"What is that?"

"I'm going to convert your old style wood-worker into a new model. The necessary parts will arrive by express probably to-morrow, if they are not already in the express office now. I will take your old machine apart and rebuild it on the new lines, and it will not cost you a cent. I have permission to do this for you from the general manager of the company."

"I am greatly obliged to you, Bachelor, but it would be a shame to take any of the little time devoted to your vacation," said Mr. Gregson.

"Don't worry about that. I have made up my mind to do it. I owe you a great deal. It was through you I connected with the Redmond people, and you helped me get my application into the patent office, advancing the necessary fees which I could not have paid at the time. I wish to show my appreciation of your kindness."

"Well, if you insist I accept your proposal, and will give you all the help you need. The new machine will be an advantage to me. I intended to buy one, anyway."

"That will be unnecessary. We are taking back the old machines in many cases and replacing them with the new model, making a certain allowance. This plan has been adopted only within a certain radius of the plant, and does not extend to the East, as long freight hauls render it practically out of the question. Besides, the company does not care to rebuild all its old machines. To forward the parts, with a man to oversee the work, would also be too expensive. Your case is a special one and is undertaken personally by me for your sole benefit."

"It is a favor I shall remember, Bachelor. I feel proud to know that you got your first training in my factory. If all boys who learn a trade would only put their heart into it the way you have done their success would add largely to their benefit as well as the country at large," said Mr. Gregson.

Tom then took his leave and went back to the cottage to eat his Christmas dinner with his folks. On the following day the parts that would make a new model of the old machine were delivered at the factory. Tom got into his old overalls, and with the necessary help took the machine in the factory apart and then rebuilt it on the new lines. When he started it up it proved to be a hummer

and Mr. Gregson was delighted with it. Before Tom left to return to Rushville the manufacturer gave him a valuable present. The day after New Year's, Tom left Silvertown to take up his active duties in the West again, and this time he expected that six months would elapse before he saw his people and his friends at the town again.

CHAPTER XII.—Tom Traps Himself.

Tom reached Chicago in due course and visited the general offices of the Redmond Company before he continued his journey. He received a friendly greeting from the general manager, and saw the president and secretary again. He took the whole day off in Chicago and intended to remain overnight. After lunching with the head of the sales department, he started to see a few of the sight which he had had no opportunity to take in at his first visit. Along about sundown he found himself at the Chicago River, where it ran through the business section of the city.

He had made his way there along South Clark street, and he stood watching the tooting tugs and other small craft that were passing to and fro. A man, looking like a stranger in town, was standing a little distance away. He had a grip in his hand, which he maintained tight hold of. Tom was not the only person who noticed him. Two loungers slouched up alongside of him. Tom thought their actions suspicious and gave them a sharp look. To his surprise he recognized the men as Cable and Tulley.

"So the rascals are in Chicago!" he thought. "I wonder if there's a policeman in sight?"

As he might have expected, a policeman was not around when wanted. It nearly always happens that they are somewhere else on their beat. Cable got on one side of the stranger and Tulley on the other, and the former spoke to the man.

"Those fellows are up to no good. I must watch them," said Tom to himself.

Cable pointed to various objects on the river, and ten minutes went by. Then Tulley invited the man to drink with them at a near-by saloon. He agreed and the three went into the place. Tom looked again for a policeman, without success. He opened the door of the saloon and saw the men lined up at the bar. He stood around a while, waiting for the men to come out. When they didn't appear he looked in the saloon again.

The men were drinking and talking at a table in the back. The saloon was gradually filling up with customers. Cable got up and went to the bar. He returned with three glasses of liquor. As the stranger raised his to his lips Cable fell against the table and threw his liquor in the man's face. In the confusion that ensued Tulley grabbed the stranger's bag and made for the street door. The stranger did not notice him as he was wiping the liquor out of his eyes. Tom didn't see the trick, but he saw Tulley come out with the stranger's bag. As the fellow started to hurry away the boy stopped him.

"Hold on, Tulley," he said, "don't be in such a hurry."

Tulley turned with an imprecation, recognized Tom and struck him a blow that sent him stag-

gering against the side of the saloon. When Tom recovered he saw the man some yards away, running after a small express wagon, over the foot-board of which he tossed the bag and then jumped up and rolled in himself. Tom sprang on a street car going in the same direction and kept the wagon in sight till it turned off into a cross street, when he alighted and followed on foot.

Tulley, not seeing any pursuit, felt satisfied that he was all right and ceased to keep a sharp watch on the rear. Tom kept the wagon, which was going at a moderate pace, in sight and it finally stopped at a store. Tulley got out with the bag and moved off through the crowd in the gathering twilight. Tom shadowed him along several streets, with his eye out for a policeman who failed to show up, until he entered a building in a cheap and somewhat tough locality. The boy did not stop to consider the neighborhood he had got into, but followed Tulley upstairs into the lodging-house and saw the room he went into. He opened the door, walked in and confronted the rascal, who was thunderstruck on seeing the boy he supposed he had thrown off the scent right at his heels.

"What do you want?" snarled Tulley belligerently.

"I want that bag which you stole from the stranger in the saloon by the river," replied the boy.

"What are you giving me, Tom Bachelor, and what are you doing in Chicago?"

"I just happened to be in Chicago overnight on my way back to Rushville. Hand over the bag or I'll call a policeman."

Tulley laughed sardonically.

"You won't do nothing of the sort."

"Are you going to give up the bag?"

"You've got a nerve. That's my bag."

"I know better. I watched you and Cable put it over the stranger, and if there had been a policeman around I would have had you arrested. You're wanted, anyway, for the game you worked on me in Rushville, not speaking about other things you have both been guilty of."

Tulley laughed again.

"So you followed me from the river and Clark street?" he said.

"I did."

"How did you do it? I guess you don't know much about Chicago. If you did you wouldn't come to this neighborhood alone on such a fool errand."

"No matter how I did it. I'm here."

"I see you are, and you'll stay here until Cable and me settles things with you."

"I'm not afraid of what you or Cable can do. I came for that bag and I'm going to have it."

"Take it if you think you can do that."

The rascal held the bag up, and as Tom reached for it he flung it in the boy's face and sprang at him. They both went down on the floor in a tussle for the mastery. While the scrap was on the door opened and Cable came into the room.

"Hello, what's this!" he cried.

"Grab him, Cable! It's Tom Bachelor!" ejaculated Tulley.

Cable seized hold of Tom's head and held it up.

"So it's you!" he said. "Made a deal on us,

have you? You couldn't have played into our hands better."

He hauled Tom off his pal and five minutes later the boy was helplessly bound to the only chair in the room. Tulley told his companion how Tom had seen them come it over the stranger, and had followed him to that house with the idea he could recover the bag.

"I thought you had better sense than to try anything like that," said Cable. "All you have done was to walk into a trap. You gave us the slip before, and made us leave a good job in a hurry. Now that we've got our hands on you again we'll pay you up for that as well as other things."

"He said he wasn't afraid of what we could do," said Tulley, with an ugly grin.

"He'll find out what we can do. We'll attend to him by and by. Now strike a light and let's see what's in that bag. From the way the fellow held on to it it ought to have something worth while."

"How did you get away yourself?"

"I skipped by the side door."

The bag was locked, but a sharp knife made a wide opening in the side and the men dumped its contents out on the bed. It proved to contain some small pieces of wearing apparel and a package done up carefully in wrapping paper. The paper was torn from it and the rascals gazed at what they found. It was a genuine gold brick—that is, a piece of metal coated over with gold paint to make it look like real gold. The stranger had evidently been victimized by a sharper before Cable and Tulley met him.

"Well, I'll be blamed! If it ain't a gold brick!" roared Cable.

Tulley stared blankly at it. Then both men swore like troopers.

"And we wasted more than fifty cents treating that cuss, and now we find that somebody else got his money," said Cable.

The rascals were intensely disappointed, for they had counted on making a good haul. Then they looked at Tom.

"Do you see what you walked into this trap after? A gold brick that ain't worth two cents. Ain't you glad to know it?"

Tom made no reply. He had never seen a gold brick before, though he had often heard of the article, and he looked at it with some interest, in spite of his dangerous predicament.

"We'd make you a present of it if we were going to let you go. It's done us some good by bringing you here. I guess you won't get back to Rushville in a hurry. Not this trip. If you don't land in the morgue you may count yourself lucky," said Cable, with a vindictive look.

"Let's go downstairs and eat and talk over what we'll do with him," said Tulley.

Cable looked at Tom's bonds and then he and Tulley left the room, locking the door after them.

that to free himself appeared to be out of the question. But luck came to his aid. The chair began to wobble under his movements, and two of the legs suddenly parted, dropping him on the floor, with a crash. This collapse of the chair loosened all of his bonds in such a way that he got free in a twinkling. To leave the room by means of the door was out of the question, since it was locked, so he went to the window and looked out.

Here he found a fire-escape, leading down into the back yard. To push up the window and get out on the escape was the work of but a moment, and he lost no time in making his descent as far as the second floor. Here the escape ended, so he had to swing off and drop the rest of the way to the yard, a distance of perhaps twelve feet. The ground floor was occupied by a cheap saloon. He opened the door and entered a passage. Following the passage he came to the saloon, which was well filled with men. He was on the point of passing through this room when he saw Cable, Tulley and another man standing at the bar.

Of course, he couldn't take the chance then. He returned to the yard and scaled the fence into the adjoining yard. Opening the door, he found it led into the hallway of the building where the stairs were. There were the stairs he had ascended when he followed Tulley. Reaching the street door, he looked out on the street. It was well filled with men and children despite that the night was a cold January one.

Seeing nothing of his enemies, he ventured forth and started for the nearest corner. From one street to another he passed till he got out of the tough neighborhood, and then he began to inquire his way back to the heart of the city. When he finally reached South Clark street, where his hotel was, it was too late to expect to get his dinner, except at a restaurant. Having eaten a good meal he hired a cab and asked the man to drive him to the nearest police station. Arriving at the place, he told his story; said that Cable and Tulley were wanted not only at Rushville, but also at Silvertown, and asked that detectives be sent out to find and pull them in. Then he returned to his hotel, and after writing several letters went to his room and turned in.

He got up early and the first thing he did was to telephone the police to learn if the rascals had been arrested. They had not. He had no time to bother further with them, but got his breakfast, was driven to the depot and took a train that would land him in Rushville that afternoon. He received a royal welcome back from Billy and the rest of the Oliver family, and next morning he reported at the plant and went to work. On Sunday evening he paid a visit to the Browns. Miss Brown expected him, as he sent her a note saying he was coming.

The young lady gave him a warm welcome, and he passed the evening mostly in her society. There was not a whole lot to choose between her and Miss Gregson, but on the whole he believed that Bessie Brown was the more charming of the two. After that Tom managed to see her regularly every week, and the more he saw of her the better he liked her. Winter passed and spring came around again. There was no lack of amusements in Rushville. Two theaters catered to the

CHAPTER XIII.—Tom in St. Louis.

As soon as they were out of the way Tom began to try to get free. He found, however, that Cable had tied him so securely to the chair

inhabitants, and there were half a dozen moving-picture shows in addition.

Tom often took one and sometimes both of the Oliver girls to some form of entertainment, and quite as often he and Billy went together. About the middle of May Tom was sent to St. Louis to remodel half a dozen of the old style wood-working machines in a large factory there. The parts were sent on ahead, and he found everything ready when he got there. The work took him and a couple of assistants about a week. During that time he made himself pretty well acquainted with the city.

He arranged to take a Sunday morning train back to Rushville, and the night before he went to a show across the bridge, in East St. Louis. After the show he went to a chop-house and had something to eat. Then he walked to the corner and waited for a car to come along that would take him across the river to the vicinity of his hotel. The street was pretty well deserted. Two men, standing in a doorway, noticed him waiting on the corner. After a consultation they swooped down on him and laid him out before he had the least suspicion of their presence. As they started to go through his clothes one of them uttered an exclamation.

"Hanged if this isn't Tom Bachelor!" he said.

The speaker was Cable, and his companion was Tulley.

"What, have we run across him again?" said the other.

"We have. We can't go to a place but we run foul of him, but it doesn't seem to do us any good, for he always gets away from us. I'd like to pickle him this time for good."

"What's to stop us? The river is close by. We can dump him in," said Tulley.

"It's too risky. We might run across a cop."

"What'll we do with him, then? Let him stay here? We've got his watch and money."

"I hate to lose the chance to get square with him," said Cable.

"There's a hand-cart yonder. We could carry him to the river in that."

Cable looked around the silent corner and decided to risk it. Between them they carried Tom to the cart and started down the street with him, turning the next street corner. They walked in the middle of the street and passed two or three persons going in the opposite direction who paid no attention to them. In this way they gradually drew near the river. When they reached the wharves they kept their eyes skinned for watchmen. Suddenly a policeman, who was standing in the shadow of a building, intercepted them.

"What are you doing with that boy?" he demanded.

"Take him home. He's drunk," said Cable.

"Where does he live?"

"He belongs aboard a schooner in the river."

"Do you belong aboard of her, too?"

"Sure we do."

"What's the name of the schooner, and what wharf is she at?"

"The Nancy Jane. We only got in this afternoon, and I ain't heard the name of the wharf."

The officer wasn't thoroughly satisfied. The boy looked too well dressed to be connected with

a river craft, and somehow he didn't appear to be under the influence of liquor.

"You say he's drunk?"

"Yes."

"All right, then I'll arrest him. Start ahead and wheel him to the station-house, then you can go on to your vessel and report where he is."

The two rascals were staggered at this. They hadn't expected it.

"He's the skipper's son. What do you want to run him in for? He ain't doing no harm. We'll have him aboard in a jiffy."

"It's my duty to run in all drunks," said the officer.

"He ain't making any disturbance. It's a shame to run a boy like him in."

"How far from here is your vessel?"

"Not far."

"Go ahead, then. I'll go with you and see you get him on board all right."

The two rascals were greatly disconcerted at this. The thought occurred to each to shake the wagon and the boy and skip. The policeman looked so wide-awake that one of them, at any rate, was likely to be caught. The only thing they could do was to make a bluff of carrying out their alleged purpose, so Cable picked up the handle of the cart and moved on. The officer kept within easy reach of both, just behind. In this way they reached the street overlooking the wharves and river.

"What are we going to do?" whispered Tulley to his pal.

"Carry him aboard the first schooner we come to," returned Cable.

They saw a small schooner lying alongside the second wharf.

"There's the Nancy Jane, Mr. Officer," said Cable.

"By the way, where did you get this hand-cart?" said the policeman.

"It was outside the saloon and we borrowed it."

"Who is the owner of the saloon, and whereabouts is it?"

"I don't know who the owner is. It's on the corner of ——— and ——— streets," said Cable, mentioning a corner where he knew there was a saloon.

The officer made a note in his mind of the corner, by which time the cart had reached the side of the schooner. The rascals raised Tom out of the vehicle. At that moment the boy came to his senses. Finding himself in the hands of two men, his thoughts flew back to the moment when he was attacked, for he had no recollection of the intervening lapse of time. He grabbed Cable and swung him back. Then he struck out at Tulley. Cable's feet caught in the mooring-rope of the schooner and he lost his balance.

Throwing up his hands, he clutched wildly at the air, and then fell backward into the river, between the schooner and the dock. In going down his head struck the projecting ridge that ran around the vessel, and he dropped, stunned, into the water and sank like a stone. The policeman jumped forward and looked down into the narrow strip of water, expecting to see the man reappear right away, but he didn't. In the meanwhile the fight went on between Tulley and Tom.

CHAPTER XIV.—The Stolen Money-Bag.

The officer pounced on the schooner's deck with his night-stick. This brought a man up out of the cabin in his undereclothes.

"One of your men has fallen into the river," said the policeman.

"Where is he?" asked the skipper, coming over and recognizing the speaker as a policeman.

"I don't see him. He went down here, between the vessel and the wharf. He said he belonged aboard this schooner."

"He must have been drunk, then. He's been carried out into the river by the sweep of the tide, for he isn't here, or he's clinging to a pile underneath. Hello, below there!" he shouted.

"Are you under the wharf?"

No reply came back.

"He might be drowned," said the officer.

The skipper shrugged his shoulders.

"Who are those two chaps struggling on the wharf?"

That recalled the officer's thoughts to Tulley and the disgraced skipper's son. He sprang on the wharf and collared both Tom and Tulley.

"Hang on to him, officer!" said Tom, who had recognized Tulley. "He's a rascal and is wanted by the police. Did the other fellow get away?"

"I thought there was something wrong about this matter," said the policeman. "Now, young fellow, explain yourself."

Tom briefly told his story about Cable and Tulley, and what he had at different times experienced at their hands.

"The chap who went overboard was Cable," said the policeman.

"Yes," replied Tom.

"It looks as if he was drowned."

"It's no great loss if he was. Tulley here can be held on my charge of assault, and I will send a dispatch to Mr. Gregson in the morning. The police here will then get definite orders to hold him, pending extradition proceedings, if he won't voluntarily return under arrest to Silverton."

The policeman marched Tulley to the station-house, and Tom went along. When the rascal was searched, Tom's watch and money was found on him, and the boy entered his claim for his property. Tom went back to his hotel, promising to appear in court in the morning. He did so, accompanied by the manager of the St. Louis branch of the Redmond Manufacturing Co., who fully backed up the boy's statements concerning himself. That afternoon the St. Louis authorities received a dispatch from the Silverton police, to hold Tulley pending proceedings. Tom's charge of assault, however, took precedence, but he notified the police that he would withdraw it in favor of Mr. Gregson's charge. With this understanding he got his watch and money and returned to Rushville.

Cable's body was recovered from the river and buried at public expense. In due course, Tulley was taken back to Silverton, tried, convicted and sent to the State Prison for five years. Tom returned to Silverton on the first of July, and remained there for three weeks, then he went back to the Rushville plant. He was privately at work on another improvement on another kind of a

machine manufactured by his company. He already had several thousand dollars on deposit in the Rushville savings banks, representing the royalty returns from his well-known improved model.

On Saturday afternoons, during September and October, Pessie Brown called for him at the plant in her father's auto, which she could manage herself, and took him out for many miles on the roads around Rushville. The cashier of the plant went in to the bank every Saturday about noon to get the money from the bank to pay off the hands. He always took one clerk with him as an additional safeguard, and lately that duty had fallen on Billy, who had been promoted to the counting-room. On the Saturday before Thanksgiving the money was on its way to the plant when the vehicle ran against a number of strong wires which had been stretched across the street in an unbuilt block in sight of the work.

The auto was not going very fast at the time and the wire barrier stopped it and immobilized both the cashier and Billy for a few moments. Before they could recover, the machine was boarded by three men, who struck the cashier and the cashier staggering blows, snatched the valise containing the money and made off with it. It was useless to try and overtake them, so the cashier turned the machine around and rushed back into the business section to notify the police.

Half a dozen officers were at once put on the trail of the rascals, and all the outlying towns on the two railroads, and along the river, were notified and their police advised to look out for the thieves. On Thanksgiving morning Tom, having got permission to use the company's auto, took Billy for a ride up the river road which had been the scene of the accident leading to his acquaintance with the banker and his family. They went many miles above the place where Tom made his escape from the sloop, and were thinking about turning back when something went wrong with the machine and it came to a stop.

An examination showed that a defect in one of the axles was responsible, and Tom figured how he could best fix it with the tools he had at hand. He saw that a piece of iron was necessary to brace up the axle temporarily, but they had nothing of the kind with them. Looking around, Tom saw a house between the road and the river, and he decided to walk over and see if he could get what he wanted there. Leaving Billy with the car, he went on his errand. Reaching the house, he went around the back way and before knocking, he looked in at the window.

The glance he got of the interior showed him that the house was vacant. Then his eyes fell on an outbuilding, resembling a barn, the door of which was ajar. He stepped in and looked around. The place was empty, but the floor was scattered with various odds and ends. Beside a window looking toward the river was a workbench, and lying on it Tom found a piece of steel that he guessed would answer his purpose. As he picked it up he happened to look out of the window and he saw three men approaching.

"I wonder who these chaps are?" he asked himself.

Suddenly a loose board tipped under the weight

of one of his feet and sprang up. Relieved of his weight it fell over. Tom bent down to replace it when his eyes rested on a valise similar to the one stolen from the company. He pulled it out and saw the initials R. Mfg. Co. on it.

"By George! I have struck the company's stolen cash valise, and I wouldn't be surprised if those three men coming this way are the thieves, who are hiding in this place," he exclaimed. "It won't do for them to see me, for this bag feels as if the money was still in it."

Replacing the loose board, he grabbed the valise and ran up the stairs to the hay loft.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

Glancing out of a small, open window in the loft, Tom watched the men come up to the house. It was then that they noticed the auto in the road. One of them pointed at it and an animated conversation took place between them. Finally, two of them started for the road to investigate, while the third remained behind. Tom saw the men go to the machine and enter into a talk with Billy. Seeing a long piece of rope hanging against the wall, Tom took it down, opened a back shutter and lowered the valise to the ground.

Fastening the end of the rope to a beam he slid down himself. Picking up the valise he started for the river, diagonally, keeping the barn between himself and the man at the house, holding the valise in his arms, against his chest, so that if the men in the road chanced to see him they would not see what he had with him. In this way he proceeded till he reached a lot of straggling trees. He was now safe from observation, and he hurried along among the trees and across a meadow beyond, finally coming out in the road a quarter of a mile below the automobile. Here he hid the bag in the bushes and started back along the road. When he came in sight of the car he found the men had gone back to the house.

"Hello!" cried Billy. "Where have you been?"

"Oh, I walked around that way and came out in the road below here," said Tom. "Who were the men you were talking to?"

"I don't know who they are. They asked me why I was stopping here, and I told them the machine had broken down. I showed them the fractured axle and told them you had gone over to that house they came from to get a piece of iron or steel. They said the house was not occupied and you couldn't get anything there. They said they hadn't seen you there. I said that was funny, as you certainly had gone over there. They said the back door of the house was open and you probably had gone in and was looking around. Possibly you might find something in the cellar that would do."

"I've found what I want. Come here and give me a hand," said Tom.

Tom's ability as a machinist enabled him to fix the axle strong enough to stand the trip back to town. Then he carefully turned the machine around and headed it toward Rushville.

"Here comes those men," said Billy. "There's three of them now. They are gesticulating to us."

"I'm not going to wait for them. I've something else to think of. It will take us some time to get back to town, for we can't go very fast," said Tom.

Thus speaking, he started the car and off they went. The men uttered loud shouts and increased their speed, but Tom paid no attention to them.

"I'm going to give you a surprise, Billy," he said.

"A surprise!"

"Yes," Tom said, as he stopped at the bushes where he had hidden the valise.

He jumped out, felt around in the bushes a moment or two and pulled out the company's money-bag.

"Ever see this before, Billy?" he asked, tossing it into the car.

"Why, it is the stolen money valise!" cried Billy, in astonishment. "How did you know it was there?"

"Because I put it there."

As they continued on toward town, Tom told all the facts of the case to his friend, and Billy declared it was the greatest thing ever. They reached town two hours later than they originally intended and after putting up the car they started for the cashier's house. Tom handed him the money-bag and told him how it came into his possession.

Needless to say, the gentleman was tickled to death. He opened the bag and found all the money in it. Next morning the managers sent for Tom, heard his story and complimented him on what he had done. Later on he gave the boy a handsome present. About the middle of December Tom had an interview with the manager, respecting his new invention.

It proved to be well worthy of the company's consideration, and Tom received \$5,000 cash for his rights in it, which he accepted. As Tom has already made his mark in his line of action we will bring our story to a close, for our space will not permit us to follow his career further. All we can say is that he eventually reached the top of the ladder in the employ of the Redmond Manufacturing Co. and married Bessie Brown, the girl of his heart.

Next week's issue will contain "A BANKER AT 17; OR, THE WALL STREET BOYS' SYNDICATE."

HEN PRE-DATES EGG.

Inhabitants of Woodbine, Whitley County, Ky., which is in the mountains, are in a state of terror for fear "something will happen."

When Mrs. Nettie Faulkner heard her hen cackle she rushed to the nest, because dogs had been stealing eggs lately. She found under her hen an egg on which her name was written out in full and the date "Feb. 25, 1922," as plainly as it could be written.

Mrs. Faulkner screamed in terror, thinking the matter supernatural, and refused to allow her husband to go to work, fearing disaster.

Mrs. Faulkner's scare spread throughout the little town, and now the people are waiting tremblingly to see what Feb. 25 may bring forth. Hundreds of persons have inspected the egg.

CURRENT NEWS

ATTACKING AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

Will Maxwell of Bell's Chapel, Polk county, reached his hand into a hollow log to capture a rabbit. An upland moccasin struck his hand. The snake also bit the rabbit, which died within a few minutes. Mr. Maxwell has recovered. Snake bites, in spite of legends and rumors, rarely are fatal in this country. Some years ago the Gazette investigated this matter and found no deaths in a season when probably a dozen people were bitten by various snakes, including rattlers.

WHALE HIDE FOR TIRE.

The leading novelty at the automobile show, Seattle, Wash., is a tire made from the hide of a Pacific Coast whale. Except for its pliable nature and a light red color none would have suspected it being other than the rubber product. The tire was turned at the Everett tannery and will be taken from this show to others after which a complete set will be installed on a heavy automobile for a hard road test.

At the Everett tannery it was said that such tires can be manufactured at one-fourth the cost of those of rubber. The hides of shark, wolf fish and whales can be used. As to the supply of these fishes it was assured auto owners that it is inexhaustible.

Another assurance was given to the doubting ones in that a single whale skin will produce over 500 standard tires.

NAVY TO GET YACHT AMERICA.

The famous yacht America, which lifted the challenge cup in the historic race off the Isle of Wight in 1851, is to become the property of the American navy, Secretary of the Navy Denby announced recently, if the Eastern Yacht Club of Boston will accept \$1 for it.

The Boston club, to which the yacht was turned over by its owner, R. Foster, tendered the yacht to the government without cost. A Congressional act prevents the government from receiving any gift, but there is no ban against the navy paying a nominal sum for any desired craft.

"We are very anxious to accept the gift from the Boston club," Secretary Denby said. "If this plan goes through we will accept the vessel and take it to the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, where it will be preserved."

VALUABLE ANCIENT COIN.

An ancient coin which may be worth a fortune is in the possession of George Foster, of Cottage Grove, Ore., who was a corporal with the Fourth Engineers during the entire time that organization took part in the war in Europe. He sent it for examination to Prof. Dunn of the University of Oregon, who is a coin specialist.

Prof. Dunn said he would like to possess the coin, but that its value was such that he could not even offer what it is really worth. He identified the coin as one used during the reign of either the elder Constantine (the great), or his son, both

of whom used the same design upon the reverse of their coins.

The coin must have been a part of the medium of exchange between the years 306 and 337 A. D. It was cast from copper of a form peculiar to that age.

FATE OF A FAMOUS STONE.

It is a strange story, that of the Branicki sapphire, which M. Lacomblez, examining magistrate, is at present investigating. This precious stone, known as "The King of Sapphires," belonged to the Branicki family; it was bought at Frankfort in 1840, weighed 291 carats, is said to have been worth several million francs, and was taken from the hip pocket of Count Xavier Branicki at Warsaw in July, 1918, during the German occupation.

The Count found himself in Paris recently, and knowing that there is an important market for precious stones in the city he thought he would ask the police to make inquiries about his sapphire. The police inspectors found in possession of a dealer in precious stones not the sapphire, but portions of it. The dealer told how a few months ago he bought the sapphire for 185,000 francs from a Lithuanian dealer established near Kovno, whom he knew to be an honest man.

He was aware that the stone had figured in the exhibition in Vienna in 1867 and in the Paris exhibition in 1878, and realizing that it would be difficult to get rid of it he had it cut into fragments, some of which were utilized in rings and necklaces. Of the 291 carats only 136 carats remain.

TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF.

Announcing recently that he personally "had turned over a new leaf; had cut out liquor, and would never again lay a wager on cards or any other gambling game," according to the Williamson (W. Va.) Daily News, Sheriff "Don" Chafin of this (Logan) County invited those inclined towards those pastimes to follow suit or pay the penalty. Since early in January the cleaning-up process has gone on. He personally brought in two or three stills, a lot of other illegal paraphernalia and an automobile load of "evidence," declaring it had been a "slow" week.

"It looks like the boys were taking us at our word and were really going back to the mines and their farms and gardens, rather than keep up the trouble in Logan County by supplying the citizens with 'mountain dew,'" Chafin said, according to the News. "Well, they'd better keep on getting good," he is said to have concluded, "as there are not going to be any more liquor violations in Logan when this office gets through."

Chafin is of a typical mountaineer type and is credited with being absolutely fearless and handy with a pistol. There is a legend throughout this section that he wears a coat of flexible chain mail at all times.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

However, he tried the door and found it locked. He threw himself against it with all his force, but it stood firm.

Then he slowly made the circuit of the room, one hand on the walls as he went along, and finally came to two windows several feet apart. The windows were securely nailed in several places, and he had no means at hand of attacking the fastenings.

Just when he had finished his examination of the windows, and was considering the advisability of taking off one of his shoes and smashing one of the panes of glass, he heard a low laugh, and then a voice came to him through the darkness.

"Good evening, Mr. Rand," it said.

When the voice came from the young lawyer could not make out, but it seemed to him that it was over his head. Lew was satisfied that he was alone in the room and concluded that the voice must come to him through a stovepipe hole or an opening for a heat register.

However, he was anxious to find out what he could, so he responded to the greeting.

"Good evening," he said.

"How do you like your quarters?" asked the voice.

"Not at all. I think your voice is familiar."

"It ought to be. You are listening to your old friend Amos, whom you left so unceremoniously last night. You are really a brainy young man, but by this time it must be apparent to you that other people possess brains as well as yourself. Having led you into one trap by very simple means, it was apparent to us that we would have to bait the next one very temptingly, so we used your sweetheart for the purpose."

"What do you want?"

"I put the same proposition before you, and this time, while it is true that you are in a dark room, which seems to be your favorite fighting ground, you are absolutely alone in it, and cannot tramp your way out of it."

"Now, just listen carefully to me, and you will understand exactly how you are situated and what little chance there is for you to escape."

"Nothing has been prepared for your imprisonment. The windows are not only nailed, as you have doubtless ascertained from the inspection you have made during the last ten minutes, but if you smashed one of the panes, which you no doubt thought of doing, you would find yourself blocked by iron shutters that are securely fastened on the outside. Moreover, if you could get the shutter open, you would still be con-

fronted by iron bars, and as the house stands quite alone, as you may have noticed before you came in, you might shout yourself hoarse before you could make yourself heard.

"In fact, there is no way for you to get out unless we let you out, and that will not occur until you accept the terms I offered you last night in regard to the Winslow case."

"You have a peculiar gift, a sort of X-ray eye that confuses witnesses and makes them say what they do not want to say, and as the Winslow case is an honest one and we are interested in it, we don't want to be bothered with you when it comes to trial."

"Now, talk up and say what you will do. Will you take our offer of a thousand dollars to 'throw' the case?"

"No," snapped Lew. "You cannot buy me up for any amount that you might name, and you may as well understand it."

"I thought you would be obstinate," said Amos, "and I have planned things so as to take the obstinacy out of you. A night on the hard floor, and an empty stomach all day will bring you to a different state of feeling by to-morrow night. In plain terms you are either going to do as we want you to do, or else you are going to starve to death. Not one ray of light can come to you in that room, and not one drop of water will you get until you give in and pledge yourself to us, and, for that matter, if you starve to death, why, we'll be rid of you anyhow."

"Murder will out," sternly said Lew.

"Don't count on that," chuckled Amos. "Besides, you can remember while you are starving for food and choking for a drink of water that your sweetheart is also in our hands, and that we will treat her exactly as we treat you. Does that touch you?"

"No," said Lew, "for I don't believe that you would have the nerve to commit such a crime. You are a cheap lot of villains, and this whole thing is a big bluff."

"You'll think differently by to-morrow night," said Amos. "Good-night, and please not return."

Lew listened intently, but heard no further sound, but to make sure that the man had gone away he spoke up:

"Amos, I want to ask you a question."

There was no response, and Lew was satisfied that the fellow had really gone away from wherever he had been located when he was speaking. He thought deeply over the matter of his imprisonment, and although he did not believe that the rascals would dare to carry out their threats of starving him and Madge, he realized that their purpose would probably be effected if they were able to hold him a prisoner for the next three days.

He resolved to make every effort to free himself, and once more began to feel his way around the room.

When he had arrived at a point which he estimated in the darkness to be about opposite the windows, he came to a door. This was evidently not the door that led into the hallway and Lew examined it carefully.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

HAD COIN IN THROAT TWO YEARS.

From the esophagus of a thirteen-year-old girl of Scranton, Pa., Drs. F. J. Bishop and F. P. Hollister to-day removed a quarter that had been embedded there for more than two years. The operation was performed without a knife, the surgeons making use of a 10-millimetre rubber tube with an electric light attached at its lower end.

This was forced down the girl's throat and the electric light revealed the blackened piece. The doctors extracted the quarter with forceps.

LEGAL FIGHT FOR HORSE.

Five separate trades of a \$75 horse resulted in the placing before a jury in Lawrence, Mass., of the question whether William Hutchinson or David Doyle really owned it.

Doyle said he had paid \$75 for it at an auction sale, and that since it was troubled with a sore on its side he had turned it over to one Whelan for treatment; that Whelan had sold it, without authority, to Frank E. Pariseau of Salem, N. H., who had resold it to a man named Smith, who in turn had sold it to Hutchinson.

Since Whelan had no authority to sell the animal, Doyle argues that it is still his, while Hutchinson answers that since he paid \$75 for it, and afterward cured the "sore," ownership rests in him.

RETRENCHMENT IN SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELD.

Owing to the seriously depressed state of the diamond market, the diamond mines in South Africa have found it necessary to restrict production in every possible way. The De Beers Mines at Kimberley have reduced their white employees by 500, the Premier Mines in the Transvaal have retrenched to the extent of dispensing with the services of 250 of their white employees, while the Wesselton Mine has closed down entirely until such time as the state of the market will again justify operations.

Many residents of Continental countries, being hard pressed for money, have been obliged to sell their heirlooms, and these cut stones have been and are changing hands to-day at prices far below those at which it is possible to produce the uncut article.

The reduced production of diamonds is also severely felt by the South African Government, which derives a large revenue from the sale and export of these stones.

ROYALTY CHARMED BY NEGRO TENOR.

Roland Hayes, a negro tenor from Georgia, has made such a hit with the royal family that King George has presented a diamond pin to him. Invited to Buckingham Palace, Hayes rendered such old-time negro melodies before the royal family as "Go Down, Moses," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Peter, Go Ring Them Bells."

The royal family was delighted with the voice and conduct of the entertainer, and the King observed how different the songs were from what

the English had been taught to believe were characteristic negro melodies.

Hayes has a wide repertoire of operatic arias, but his heart is with his race, and he says that he is striving to rescue the genuine folk songs of his people from the debasement which they have suffered as the result of ragtime.

He told the King that the songs he sings sprang from religious fervor worked to white heat during camp meetings and were never associated with comic or minstrel entertainments. He said his parents were slaves in Georgia and therefore he realized the spiritual significance of the songs, because during slavery times the music of the negroes was essentially religious, for their only comfort lay in the promise of God.

Hayes declares that he intends to go to Africa to collect native melodies at their source, so as to compare them with the chants of the negroes in America. He told the King that he thinks Western civilization has had the effect of softening the barbarities of primitive songs, but that otherwise it had made little difference in them, as the rhythm and syncopation remained the same. He said that he hoped to do for the African folk songs what Sir Walter Scott did for the Border ballads.

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THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER

By Kit Clyde.

A fair, bright spring day, and all around Valley Homestead bright with sunshine.

It was such a pretty cottage house, with flowers blooming everywhere.

Standing by the window was a girl of eighteen, tall, slender and graceful—a girl whose face was fair as a lily, with crowning golden hair and lovely, liquid eyes of forget-me-not blue.

By the little inlaid table near the center of the room sat an elderly lady, some sewing lying idly in her lap, while she watched the girlish form at the window.

Suddenly Evelyn turned towards her with an expression of terror on her face.

"Mamma," she said, "I have such a strange dread hanging over me—a dread of I know not what."

"You are nervous, dear. Go out and take a walk and you will be better."

"I will go down the lane and gather a basket of wild flowers, mamma, and if Vernet comes tell him to wait for me."

"You had better put on a hat, dear."

"I like to be bareheaded; I like the soft breeze among my hair. I will only go far enough to gather the flowers, for I am going out with Vernet."

After Evelyn went out, Mrs. Dalton sat sewing, a half-pensive expression on her face.

"I hope she will never hear it," she said; "she is so sensitive and delicate, the blow would be terrible."

At this instant a gentleman entered the room—a handsome youth of twenty-three.

It was Evelyn's betrothed husband, Vernet Brandon.

One glance at his face, and Mrs. Dalton saw something had excited him.

"What is it, Vernet?" she said.

He sat down beside her and drew an open letter from his pocket, then looked at her earnestly.

"You will tell me the truth, I know," he said, his voice trembling with emotion. "Is Evelyn your daughter or not?"

Mrs. Dalton grew pale, and was silent for a few moments; then she answered:

"Evelyn is only my adopted daughter, but she is very dear to me."

"Tell me, do you know who or what she is? Mrs. Dalton, is she a foundling left at your door?"

"She is, but no child of my own could be dearer to me. However it happened that Evelyn came to be left as she was, she is a lady by instinct."

The young man was silent for several moments, then he said, speaking slowly, his voice almost inaudible:

"Mrs. Dalton, will you answer me a few more questions? Then I am satisfied."

"Yes; it is your right."

"When Evelyn was found she had around her neck a chain, with a locket attached to it—a locket with the letters 'E. F.' set in pearls?"

"She had."

"Has she on her neck a red mark like a strawberry?"

"She has."

"Then this letter speaks only the truth," he said.

"It tells you, Vernet, who Evelyn is, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Would you be kind enough to allow me to see it?"

"Pardon me. No."

The lady's gentle face flushed, but she continued:

"Surely you might let me, who has been her mother for years, read it, Vernet."

She looked at him as she spoke, and noticed that his face was white as death.

"I cannot," he said; "but, Mrs. Dalton, plead with Evelyn to marry me at once."

At this instant Evelyn herself came in, a smile on her lips and her eyes glowing with welcome for her lover.

When a lover pleads as Vernet Brandon did he is seldom refused, and when he went away Evelyn had promised to be his wife in two weeks from that day.

The two weeks passed quickly, but somehow during them Vernet looked anxious and worried; but the wedding-day dawned at last.

Ah! what a bright, clear June day it was—the sun shining, the birds singing, all nature smiling and joyous, as if to usher in the occasion with every auspicious omen.

In the quiet old village church they were married, and people said that a fairer bride never stood there before; and Vernet thought that Evelyn looked like a vision in her robes of misty white, her pearly, fair face glowing through the costly veil that shaded it.

The words were spoken that made them one; there was a wedding breakfast, and then, half smiles, half tears, Evelyn started on her wedding tour.

Two months later they returned, and she was installed in the stately house of the Brandons; for Vernet was their only son—their only child, and the young people made their home there.

It was an old saying in the neighborhood that the Brandons would yet get their pride pulled down, for it was almost unbearable; and yet it was not an arrogant pride, it was more a cold, haughty exclusiveness that surrounded them.

Old James Brandon had often said, in his pride, that he would rather see his only, his idolized son dead than married to one whose family was not what it should be. But he was well pleased when Vernet wedded beautiful Evelyn Dalton, for the Daltons were an old and respected family, and that Evelyn was not their own child he never suspected.

So beautiful Evelyn was welcomed to her new home, and all was happiness for a while—all was happiness till Evelyn one day received a letter, and that evening stole out to meet the writer of it beneath the bright starlight.

And there she heard a tale that blanched all the lovely color in her face, that caused the light to fade from her eyes.

From that day Evelyn was changed. She grew pale and delicate, and it seemed as if something was always preying on her mind.

One evening Mr. Brandon, passing along the road, thought he heard the voice of Evelyn. But why should she be out so late? He was passing on, when suddenly out from the shadow passed a slender, graceful form, and one glance told him it was his son's wife.

She did not see him, but flew up the pathway, and entered the house by one of the side doors.

From that day James Brandon watched Evelyn, and one evening saw her meet a dark-eyed youth, and saw her—or was he dreaming, perhaps going mad?—saw her give him a roll of bills.

When she turned for home he faced her.

"Well, madam," was all he said, but she grew white as death, her form swayed slightly, and without a word she fell forward at his feet, cold, silent and lifeless.

With no compassion on his face, he lifted her and carried her into the house, then laid her on the sofa.

Ringing the bell, he called for assistance, and when Evelyn's own maid came in he told her to see to her mistress.

He then sought his wife.

"Where is Vernet?" he asked.

"He went across to Moorland," she said; "he will not be back until evening. He told me to tell you."

He then told her of Evelyn's meeting with the stranger.

When Evelyn opened her eyes, two cold, hard, questioning eyes were bent over her.

She essayed to speak, but Mr. Brandon stopped her with a gesture.

"I will speak," she said, "and you must listen. I know what you believe, but it is not that. The man I met, the man to whom I gave the money, is my brother. I will tell all, then do what you will."

They both looked at her.

"I am not Mr. Dalton's own child," she said. "I am a foundling; in pity they took me in; I was a deserted baby, lying at their door."

Another long pause—a pause in which her breath came and went hurriedly, in which her cheeks flushed and paled by turns.

"I am the child of a convict," she said.

"Did you know this when you became Vernet's wife?" said Mr. Brandon.

"As heaven is my judge, I never dreamed it. Had I known it, I loved him far too well to marry him with that knowledge in my heart."

Mrs. Brandon's face softened, but Mr. Brandon showed no sign of emotion.

"Evelyn," he said, "I will give you your choice. You say you love Vernet. Prove it by going away. If not, I will tell him all, and if he refuses to sue for a separation I will turn him from my door. Will you come between him and his inheritance? He must either give you up, or all hope of ever receiving a cent of mine. If you will go he will never know the story. He will think of you as dead. He will think some accident happened to you."

When Vernet Brandon came back that evening no fair face greeted him, no tender smile welcomed him, but he never dreamed the truth—never dreamed that Evelyn was even then away—far away from those she loved—never dreamed

that she knelt in bitter agony on the floor of a wayside inn, almost praying for death in her passionate sorrow.

Days passed, and it seemed to all who knew him that Vernet Brandon was going insane for the loss of his wife.

"It is a wonder," his father said, "that she did not go to her mother."

His son looked at him.

"Father," he said quietly, "you know that Evelyn was only Mrs. Dalton's adopted daughter."

"And you know it, too," his father said.

"Yes, I know it," he replied. "I knew who she was and what she was before we were married."

"Then tell us," his father said, "whom we were honored in having for a daughter-in-law."

"I need not tell you; you know it already, father. Yes, lest you think I shrink from saying it, she was the daughter of a convict."

"Therefore no fit wife for you, my boy."

"You learned the truth; you drove my wife away; but I will find her, should I search the earth; my love will lead me to her."

"Vernet," his mother said beseechingly; but he turned to her coldly.

"Were you not my mother," he said, "but only a woman, with a mother's heart, could you see what is dearer to me than my life driven from your door?"

"You threaten to disinherit me," turning to his father; "again you played upon Evelyn's childish heart. Disinherit me you cannot do. This moment I put it out of your power. A cent or a cent's worth belonging to you I will never take, either during your life or at your death, unless the day comes when you will take Evelyn to your heart and home, when you receive her as my honored wife; and if that day never comes, you will never look upon my face again."

The next moment he was gone; the father and mother were alone.

Three years had passed, and still Vernet Brandon had not found his wife, neither had his foot crossed the threshold of his father's door. But at last he found her—not among scenes of want and poverty, as he had often pictured her. The world had been ringing with the praises of a new authoress, whose first book had been a perfect gem; and one of Vernet's dearest friends had fallen madly in love with the authoress. One evening he told Vernet the story of his love and his rejection; and in return Vernet told him the story of his lost love, and showed him the miniature of Evelyn.

Charles Graham looked at the pictured face, then grasped his friend by the hand.

"My fair love and your lost wife are one and the same," he said. "Vernet, that is the face of Marion Clyde, the authoress of the 'Story of a Heart.'"

Vernet was soon in the presence of his wife, and Evelyn knew the loyalty and tenderness of the heart of her husband; and, clasped in his arms, she thanked God for the love whose name she now knew; and when old Mr. Brandon died, Vernet was his heir, for years before that happened, Evelyn had gone back with full and free forgiveness, and no one ever dreamed that the beautiful wife of James Brandon's son, the mother of his golden-haired grandchildren, was a convict's daughter.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, MAY 27, 1921.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

THE SAFE FIRE ENGINE.

The Ann Arbor, Michigan, depot was burned to the ground recently. The mocking bird fire whistle at the milk plant was sounded at 12 o'clock. The depot might have been saved if the fire laddies could have responded to the call, but the chemical fire engine, purchased a few months ago, was locked up for safe keeping and the key couldn't be found.

BIG RAISIN PIE.

The World's largest raisin pie has been made by the California Association Raisin Company for exhibition purposes. The immense pie weighs 158 pounds, and seventy-five pounds of raisins were used in its composition. It is fifty inches in diameter. The value of the pie is placed at \$150. It is being shown throughout the State of California in connection with the raisin company's drive for membership.

PREHISTORIC SKELETON.

A portion of the skeleton of a huge mastodon was unearthed recently by a La Porte County, Indiana, farmer, Charles Carpenter. Carpenter had seen the monster protruding from the ground for some time, but had supposed it was a stone. Four or five teeth and the jawbone were unearthed. One of the teeth weighs four pounds and twelve ounces. The remainder of the skeleton is thought to be under the creek bed.

TRYING TO SAVE THE ELK.

The elk are in danger of extermination, 10,000 head supposed to be in the Yellowstone having disappeared. This seems to be caused by cattle men grazing their herds on areas formerly occupied by the elk, which perish in great numbers when they find their old pastures denuded. Ranchmen in many cases have fed them hay out of pity and the Federal authorities have bought and stored hay in the hope of preserving the breed. Cattle men are not much interested by these splendid examples of animal life so that the Government should do something on a large scale to preserve them.

\$5,000 DAMAGE SUIT LOST OVER OWNERSHIP OF BEAN.

Ownership of a bean of the ordinary garden variety furnished the basis of a \$5,000 law suit in the Assizes Court, Hamilton, Ont., April 23. The suit was brought by William and Isabella Gilbert against A. McDougall for compensation for injuries suffered by Mrs. Gilbert when she slipped on the bean in front of the defendant's stall nearly a year ago. The plaintiffs lost the case because of lack of evidence that McDougall owned the bean.

LAUGHS

"You can't vote unless you pay your poll tax, uncle." "Boss, yo tink Ah's gwine pay two dollahs an' a half foh a vote dot Ah nevah got mo den a dollah fo?"

"Of course, I will be uglier some day," she whispered. "Impossible!" he replied, gallantly. And he wonders that she sent his presents back.

"The Rev. Mr. Smoothly doesn't preach 'fire and brimstone' as much from his new pulpit as he did when he was your pastor." "No, he's getting more salary now."

"Won't you be glad, Tommy, when your baby brother is as big as you are now?" asked the caller. "You bet I will," replied Tommy. "Then he'll be licked fur some o' the things that I git licked fur now."

Mamma—Oh, see, Willie, your little brother can stand all alone. Aren't you glad? Willie (aged six)—Sure! Now I can get him to hold an apple on his head while I shoot it off with my bow and arrow, can't I?

The doctor looked solemn. "You must keep quiet," he said, "talk as little as possible and under no circumstances speak above a whisper." "In that case," she replied, thoughtfully, "you must keep my husband away from me."

Teacher—Johnny, write on the blackboard the sentence, "Two heads are better than one." Now, Johnny, do you believe that? Johnny—Yes'm. 'Cause then you kin get a job in a dime museum and make lots o' money.

F. Marion Crawford, the prolific novelist, was introduced to a young woman recently. Hearing that he was a novelist, she said: "And have you written anything that will live after you are gone?" "I don't know," he replied. "You see, what I am after is something that will enable me to live while I am here."

"If you want me to take your case," said the great lawyer, "you must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." "All right," replied the client, who was up against it good and hard. "Where shall I begin?" "Well," suggested the g. l., "suppose you begin by telling me just exactly how much money you have."

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

FARM HOUSEWIVES READ.

A Wood County farmer's wife recently left the Marshfield, Wis., Public Library with seventeen borrowed volumes packed in a suit case. They were books on the fine arts, music and painting and one on astronomy.

"This is in line with our liberal policy towards the farming community," said Mrs. Alice Millard, librarian. "Our country borrowers are not limited in the number of books withdrawn, and they may keep them one month. We do not enforce fines towards the borrowers who live in the country, but are trying to make them feel that the city library is for their benefit."

The public library under Miss Millard has become practically a club room for the farmers' wives who daily drive into Marshfield. It is said that the non-fiction circulation of the library is almost as great as the fiction.

"We have many calls for books on poultry raising and on cheese," said Miss Millard, "but of late we have noted an increasing demand for books on art subjects."

SCILLY ISLES DON'T CHANGE.

The Scilly Islands, which are preparing to welcome the Prince of Wales next month, have not changed much in character since they were first visited by a Prince of Wales, nearly 300 years ago.

After the defeat of the last royalist army in Cornwall in February, 1646, it was thought well to provide for the safety of the King's eldest son, Charles and Sir Edward Hyde, the future Earl of Clarendon, called for Scilly. There they remained until the middle of April, when fear of capture by the Parliamentary fleet impelled them to make for Jersey.

How the sixteen-year-old Prince passed the seven weeks in Scilly is not known, but Clarendon certainly was not idle, for it was there he began his monumental "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England." The opening page of the original manuscript, now at Oxford, is headed "Scilly, March 18, 1646."

The islands are nearly as peaceful as when Charles stayed there. Only five—out of about 110—are inhabited; there are no railways, trams, motor cars, theaters or picture palaces.

OLDEST LIVING THINGS.

Trees are the oldest things in the world. Roughly speaking, they may be divided into four distinct types, the redwoods of California, the yews of England, the baobabs of Africa and the cypresses of Central America. Let us first consider the sequoias of California. These in common parlance are known as redwoods.

They were first discovered by old Chief Sequoyah of Georgia, a Cherokee Indian, who went West during the middle of the last century, and who reported their existence to the botanical authorities. Hence they bear his name, but the Indian spelling was changed to the Latin effect (as is customary), which accounts for the difference in the final syllable.

Old Chief Sequoyah was somewhat of a man in his day, by the way. He was the first man to give the Cherokees a written language. He accomplished the feat after producing forty-six. Using them as an alphabet he gave the Indians the Cherokee language which is written to-day by the educated members of the tribe. Incidentally he was the sire, two generations removed, of Mrs. Richard Croker. There are still persons in New York who remember Dick Croker.

The big sequoias of California stand on a hillock which escaped the glacial devastations, and they consequently have twenty-five hundred or three thousand years behind them.

But older still are the baobabs of Africa. They claim 4,000 years have gone by since their seedlings first burst through the ground. Four thousand years is a long time as we reckon the calendar, and it is more impressive when we reflect that it is but a bare two thousand years ago that Christ was delivering His sermon on the Mount and telling us of the eight Beatitudes.

There are oaks and elms of England that are positively known to have 800 years of growth behind them, but they are mere saplings in forestry as compared with the yews. At Fortingall, in Perthshire, there is a tree that is 2,600 years old. Another in Bradbourn churchyard, in Kent, is known to have 2,000 years behind it, and still another at Hedsor, in Bucks, with a diameter of twenty-seven feet, is calculated to be 3,200 years old.

It is a majestic thought that these old yews of England may have sheltered the armies of imperial Rome, or given their grateful shade to St. Paul when he carried to the pagan his sweet message of a Christ crucified for humanity.

There is said to live near Chapultepec in Mexico a cypress tree that has attained the vast and enormous age of 6,000 years. The writer does not vouch for this tree, but he is willing to believe. It is said to have a diameter of thirty-six feet, which would clearly make it the largest tree in the world. Travelers have told of it, but no accredited representative of a botanical society, so far as is known, has given a report of it. We know that it lies in a section which may easily have allowed it to live so long and we also know that the cypress attains a vast age, but there exists a doubt which it is clearly the duty of the scientists to remove.

If that tree be living and breathing to-day it is the one thing on earth that is alive which has been back with us to the time Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden. It is the one living thing on earth that was here when Cain received the brand of murderer, when Moses came down from the Mount with his tablets of stone; it was here before King David sang and when Solomon was an unformed youth.

Trees are the one connecting link between the ages. Stone crumbles, mortar disintegrates, cities are buried beneath the dust of time, nations disappear from the face of the earth and the names of rulers are forgotten, but a tree in good soil lives and grows, so far as we know, forever.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

WAR ON WINDOW SPREADS.

The mysterious band of men which has caused great damage by cutting and otherwise damaging plate glass windows in London, causing a large financial loss, has intensified its campaign, which has spread to many places in England.

The plate glass windows ruined in the London area alone now total more than 2,500. The band has been most daring in its operations, but no arrests have thus far been made.

A LONG SLEEP.

James S. Eslinger, fifty-four years of age, who has been asleep for nearly three years, awoke one day recently in the County Hospital, Fort Smith, Ark., yawned, and then went back to sleep, according to the nurse attending him. He did not speak, she said. Eslinger entered the hospital in 1914. In August, 1918, he fell into the sleep which was broken for the first time Monday. He has been fed through a tube and has not lost weight. To-day there has been no indication that his brief awakening might be repeated. Physicians have declared themselves powerless to break the slumber.

CURRENCY SHORTAGE IN PARIS.

With paper money becoming almost-unrecognizable through age and filth and copper money becoming more rare every day despite the Government's constant coining, the Paris currency crisis is becoming more desperate. Street cars and auto buses last week issued octagonal aluminum chips of five and seven sous each which the companies pledged themselves to redeem by December next. But instead of relieving the situation, as soon as the chips were given out merchants refused to accept them, thus lessening their value in the eyes of the public, which promptly refused to give up its remaining copper.

The mint last year coined 11,000,800 francs worth of small copper pieces, as compared with 1,500,000 annually before the war, and is unable to explain why small purchasers in Paris stores are condemned to make payments in postage stamps because of the dearth of shinplasters.

MUSTARD GAS ROUTS CROOKS.

Three black rubber tubes were stuck by mustard gas in a Michigan bank. Tubes of the gas had been placed in the bank vault a few days before as a precaution against bandits. When the yegmen blew in the doors the tubes burst and the thieves fled, leaving 85 cents of their own money and an expensive kit of tools behind them.

CAT SAVES HIM \$2,500.

A house cat has saved \$2,500 for L. W. Archibald, superintendent of the Warren Black Fox Ranch, Warren, Pa., by adopting five orphaned foxes.

Recently a fox on the ranch gave birth to five cubs, but soon afterward died. The cubs, worth \$500 each, seemed doomed. There was no other mother fox that might be prevailed upon to adopt the orphans.

But the Archibald cat had just become a mother and this gave the superintendent an idea. He removed the kittens from their mother and put the little foxes at her breast. The cat eyed the newcomers with suspicion for a few minutes, but without hostile demonstration, and finally took the orphans as her own.

As soon as it was evident that the experiment was a success Mr. Archibald put the kittens out of the way.

WOMAN WHO NAVIGATED NIAGARA IN BARREL DIES.

Anna Edson Taylor, the only woman who ever navigated Niagara Falls in a barrel and lived, died in the Niagara County Infirmary, April 30.

Mrs. Taylor made the trip over the falls on October 24, 1901, in a crudely constructed wooden barrel as a cast at fortune, but ill fortune pursued her from the time of her adventure to the time of her death. She was fifty-eight years old.

Mrs. Taylor was towed out from La Sore, two miles above the falls, by river men into the Canadian channel, so that her barrel would pass over the Horseshoe Fall, where the water was deepest.

Her barrel passed safely through the upper rapids, made the plunge near the middle of the Horseshoe, and reappeared in the spume below the falls within half an hour. Mrs. Taylor was severely injured and it was necessary to cut the barrel in halves to get her out. While she was receiving medical attention her barrel was stolen.

She recovered from her injuries and made a lecture tour of the West, but met with little success.

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NEW YORK'S GARNET MINES

The principal garnet mines in the United States are in Warren and Essex Counties, in the eastern Adirondacks in northeastern New York. These mines all lie within six or eight miles of the village of North Creek, the terminus of a branch of the Delaware and Hudson. The three mines being worked at present are the Rogers, Sander Bros. and the Hooper. At the Rogers mine the size of the garnets is of unusual interest, says the Engineering and Mining Journal. The matrix is a gray medium-grained non-quartziferous gneiss, through which the numerous, translucent, reddish-brown garnets are well scattered. Those with diameters up to 5 or 6 inches are common and the largest taken out are said to be the size of a bushel basket. The remarkable feature is the never-failing occurrence of a rim or envelope of pure black, medium grained hornblende crystals completely inclosing each garnet. The reddish-brown garnets completely surrounded by the black hornblende rims, which are in turn embedded in the gray gneiss, present a striking appearance in the walls of the mine pits.



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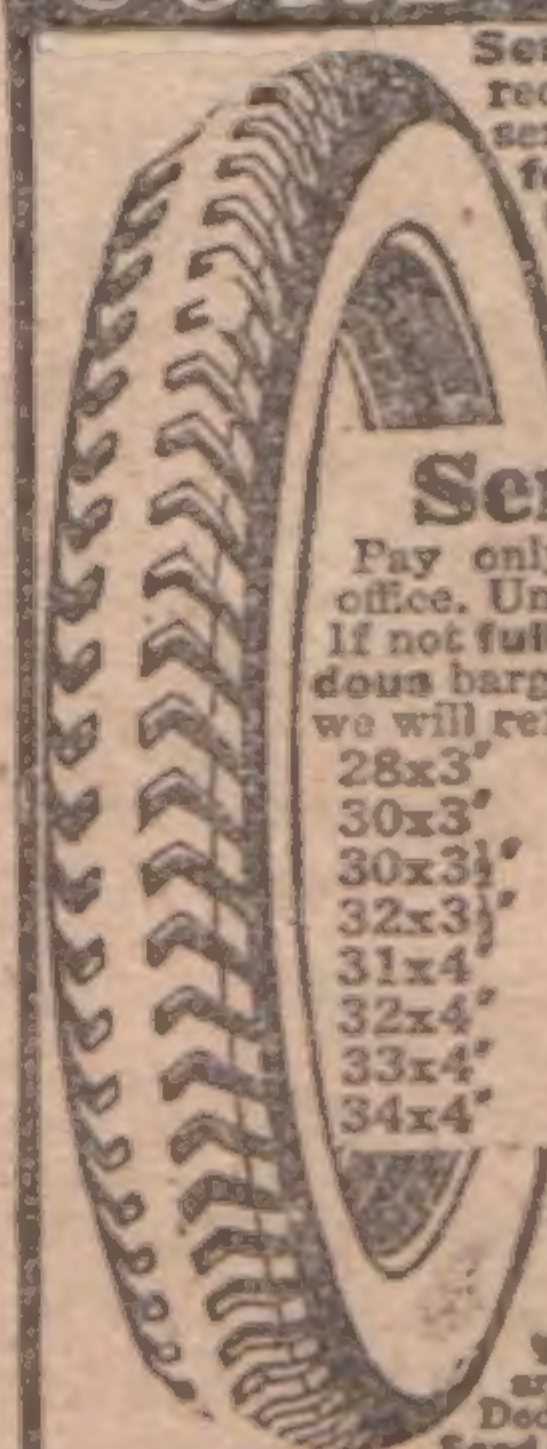
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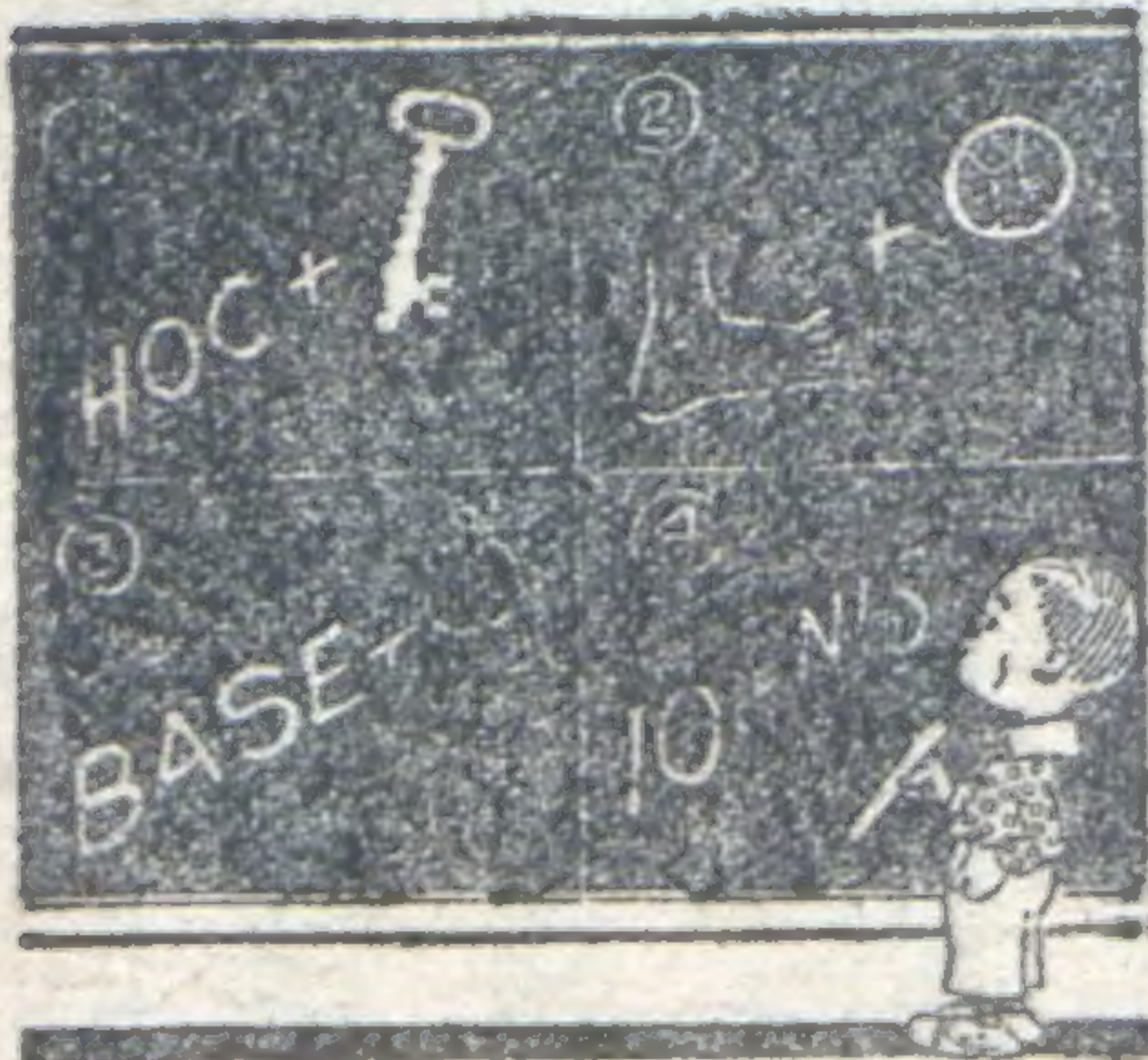
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Solve Game Puzzle, Win Culver Racer or \$200.00 in Cash

Only 145 "Points" Will Win



HOW TO SOLVE GAME PUZZLE

On the above blackboard you find that the little boy drew some letters and pictures. Look closely and you will see that they represent the names of four different games. In the first square you see "Hoo" and a picture of a "Key" which represents the game, "Hockey." Can you solve all four games? If you can you will receive 80 "Points" toward winning the Culver Racer. Only 145 "Points" will win the free Culver Racer (a real auto) or \$200 in cash.

All you need to do besides solving the puzzle is to prove that you have shown the WEEKLY RURAL AMERICAN to four different people. Samples are FREE. As soon as you have done this, your solution will be "Qualified" and you will be given 80 more "Points." Ten "Points" will be given for the best handwriting; 5 for spelling; 10 for neatness; 10 for the best style of all puzzle solutions received. These 35 "Points" will be awarded by three Judges who are in no way connected with this paper. The boy or girl gaining 145 "Points" will be the winner of the Culver Racer or \$200, second highest will win second prize, etc. Thirty-five prizes in all. In case of a tie, each winner will be awarded a prize the same as the one tied for. Only boys and girls under 16 years can win. This contest closes June 15, 1921. It is important that you send in your solution at once.

Others Won—You Can Win

Other boys and girls under 16 years have won Culver Racers, Ponies, Bicycles, etc. You may be the next winner. Solve the Game Puzzle and send in your solution right away. Write your solution on a sheet of paper with your name and address in the upper right-hand corner. Address your solution to

Children's Editor

WEEKLY RURAL AMERICAN
12 News Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

COLORADO LAUNCHED

The Colorado, sister ship of the Maryland, the most powerful battleship in the American navy, was launched at the yards of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, Camden, N. J., March 22.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt made his first official appearance at a navy launching, delivering a speech after the ceremonies. Nineteen thousand workmen cheered the great battleship as she slid down the ways, after a bottle of Colorado mineral water had been broken over her bow by Mrs. Ruth Nicholson Melville, daughter of United States Senator Samuel D. Nicholson, of Colorado.

Assistant Secretary Roosevelt said:

"We are facing a critical period in our history. The average citizen is not aware of the danger which confronts America. There are even those who are taking a stand against our navy, and they are sincere pacifists. There are those opposed to a bigger navy, and they are fools. Both are in the same class and are equally deluded. A fool and a pacifist are the same thing."



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City.....State.....

RESULTS IN 20 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK



COLORED LIGHTS WE SEE WITH EYES SHUT

When you shut your eyes, especially if you press upon them, you will see blotches of light, more or less vivid and changing in color as the moments pass. Several names have been given to these, among them being "phosphenes," "light dust" and "ocular spectra." The Popular Science Monthly says these are "probably caused by the ever-varying modifications that occur in the circulation of the blood in the retina, or by the slight pressure of the eyeball upon the retina when the closed lid is pressed against the front of the eye."

"That these spectra may be a stimulus for dream - pictures seems plausible. One investigator, gradually awakening with the dream picture before him, watched it dissolve into phosphenes and melt into the colored spots perceived by the closed eyes."

"The circulation of the blood in the closed eyelid may also make images that serve as stimuli for dream pictures when a little light falls on the eyelids."

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